

Operation Cicero

by
L. C. MÖYZISCH

with a postscript by
FRANZ VON PAPEN

Translated by
CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON and HEINRICH FRAENKEL

1557



WINGATE
London and New York

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NUMAN MENEMENCIOGLU

Turkish Foreign Minister

FRANZ VON PAPEN

German Ambassador in Ankara

FRAULEIN ROSE

Secretary to Herr von Papen

ALBERT JENKE

First Secretary at the German Embassy in Ankara

FRAU JENKE

Wife of Herr Jenke and sister of Ribbentrop

JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP

German Foreign Minister

S.S. GENERAL JOSEPH KALTENBRUNNER

Head of the German Intelligence Service (*Nachrichtendienst*)

L. C. MOYZISCH

Attaché at the German Embassy in Ankara and author of
Operation Cicero

'SCHNÜRCHEN'

Secretary to L. C. Moyzisch

'ELISABET'

Assistant Secretary to L. C. Moyzisch

'HANS' and 'FRITZ'

Two German airmen interned in Ankara

SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN K.C.M.G.

British Ambassador in Ankara

LAURENCE A. STEINHARDT

U.S. Ambassador in Ankara

SERGEI VINOGRADOV

U.S.S.R. Ambassador in Ankara

and

'CICERO'

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

OPERATION CICERO, as here related, is as accurate as at present can be ascertained but is written from the German standpoint and presents the German side of the affair. Relevant Allied documents may eventually be released which, no doubt, will complete the story. We have no hesitation in publishing the manuscript as it stands for its excitement, readability, and historical interest.

CHAPTER ONE



THE 'Cicero Affair', or Operation Cicero, as we came to call it, was played out in Turkey, during the period between October 1913 and April 1914. It was perhaps the most spectacular single incident in that shadowy, secret, silent warfare that went on day and night for six long years, the struggle of brains to discover the enemy's intentions and thus to be in a position to frustrate them.

Cicero was a spy, and, therefore, this is in essence a spy story; yet its ramifications were so vast, and its details so fantastic, that it far transcends the normal Secret Service thriller. We christened him Cicero. I never knew his real name, though he was responsible for the most hectic six months of my existence, a period during which at times I was nearly out of my mind with anxiety, and which, at the end, almost cost me my life.

After it was all over I found myself, almost immediately, engulfed in the enormous collapse of the Third Reich, and years of anguish followed. I thought then, that Operation Cicero was buried in history, lost among the vast events that came after. Now, however, sensational and wildly distorted accounts of the business have begun to appear in the Press. And since, apart from Cicero himself – if he should be still alive, which seems unlikely in the extreme – I happen to be the only person who knows all the facts of the case I might as well write them down as

dispassionately as I can. I say as dispassionately as I can because, even after five years, the emotions and stresses of that time are still extraordinarily vivid to me.

When Operation Cicero began the war was reaching its huge and noisy climax. The Allies had landed in Italy. The Russians who, a year ago, had seemed to be facing disaster with German troops approaching Stalingrad and pouring into the Crimea, were now advancing. The air attacks on Germany proper were daily and visibly gathering weight. In fact Hitler's enormous war machine was just beginning to break up, while the even mightier power of the Allies was gathering strength for its decisive blows. In the hour-glass of history the sand marking the life-span of the Third Reich was fast running out. The German leaders refused to recognise it, even though Operation Cicero gave them quite precise knowledge of the enemy's power and intentions, knowledge such as no previous war leaders had probably ever before been lucky enough to receive through secret service channels.

From the vantage point of Ankara the general picture of the war could perhaps be more clearly seen than from any other position. For Turkey occupied a unique position, politically almost equidistant from Germany, Russia and the Western Powers. As a member of the German Embassy in Ankara – I was an attaché there – I was naturally at the centre of the ceaseless intrigues of wartime diplomacy; while my duties frequently took me to Istanbul – noisy, hurrying, sweltering Istanbul – which at the time was the most important neutral city in the world.

Apart from the enormous intrinsic importance of

Turkey itself, the embassy at Ankara was undoubtedly Germany's best window on the outside world, and the position of Ambassador there the most vital that the Diplomatic Service had to offer. A further proof of this is provided by the fact that Franz von Papen held that appointment, a former Chancellor of Germany and as subtle a politician as his country produced during the first half of the twentieth century. The position was certainly no sinecure and it required a man of von Papen's calibre to handle it.

Much of the perennial trouble which it was von Papen's thankless task to smooth out as best he could at Ankara was due to our own supreme chiefs in Berlin, or, to be more exact, to the fact that there were so many 'supreme chiefs', each intent on controlling German foreign policy.

Our official authority was, of course, the *Auswärtige Amt*, the German Foreign Office headed by the foreign minister, von Ribbentrop. But there were a great many other factions, personalities and more or less official organisations whose activity or mere nuisance value in matters of foreign policy varied greatly, depending as much as anything else on how close, at any given time, their bosses were to the Führer. There were fantastic and highly complex cross currents of intrigue and counter-intrigue, personal vendettas between important people, and the scene often shifted from the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin to the Obersalzberg near Berchtesgaden or the Führer's headquarters somewhere behind the Eastern front.

Among those rival factions who did their best to interfere with our work (and the backwash of whose intrigues caused us far more headaches than our official business) there was the notorious Herr Bohle

– a native, incidentally, of Bradford in Yorkshire – who ran something called the *Auslandsorganisation der Partei*, the Foreign Organisation of the Nazi Party, and who, as a party man pure and simple, often exercised a quite disproportionate influence on Hitler.

Then there were a number of organisations roughly corresponding to the British Secret Service, but lacking the latter's centralisation. In the first place the *Auswärtige Amt*, the Foreign Office, had its own Secret Service – the official one as it were. Then there was the huge Secret Service organisation called the *Nachrichtendienst* (literally Information Service), at this time being run by the very powerful SS General Kaltenbrunner, a notorious character subsequently condemned to death at Nuremberg. Next there was the *Abwehr*, the Army Counter-espionage Service, headed by Admiral Canaris, who later found himself in opposition to the régime and who was executed for his share in the attempt to kill Hitler on July 20th, 1944. As though this were not enough, there was also Himmler's private Secret Service, which in the course of my four years at Ankara was run by Jost, then Schellenberg and was finally incorporated in Kaltenbrunner's organisation. Then Goebbels, too, through the Ministry of Propaganda, had his own Secret Service people and was apt to prove very jealous if any of the other organisations poached on what he regarded as his private preserve.

Finally – and those I have mentioned by no means exhaust the list – there was Rosenberg's organisation, the so-called *Ostministerium*, or Ministry of the East, of which he was the head. As it turned out he was mainly interested in dividing the spoils of the Eastern

campaigns among his personal friends. He had little sense of reality, and many important administrative jobs were handed out for districts which no German soldier ever saw. Indeed his was the most ludicrous and pointless organisation of the lot. Yet it too had its own innumerable departments, each with its many chiefs and sub-chiefs and secretariats, every one of them determined to make as much fuss as possible in order to justify his existence. Their main activity seemed to be the arranging of as many service trips as they could, naturally in special planes with V.I.P. privileges and large expense accounts.

It was Rosenberg's Ministry, laughable though it was, which on one occasion caused von Papen the most severe of the many headaches that he had to suffer as a result of the manifold activities of all these unofficial makers of foreign policy. This one incident may suffice to show the sort of tiresome confusion that these people caused and which we had to sort out and smooth over. This particular one involved the Ambassador, and hence of course the Reich, in the most serious diplomatic trouble that we had to face in Turkey in the early years of the war.

It happened during the summer of 1941, at the height of the *Wehrmacht's* initial triumphs on the Eastern front. It was then that a man appeared in Turkey calling himself the future 'Gauleiter of Tiflis'. We were not warned of his arrival by Berlin, nor did he have the courtesy to call at the Embassy. For nearly a week this individual travelled back and forth between Istanbul and Ankara, mainly occupied in giving large champagne dinners. The guests were, for the most part, more or less well known White Russians and Caucasian émigrés, and their generous host

– even on the rare occasions when he was not in his cups – would freely distribute jobs among them. Fortified by Bollinger and promises of a rich future, they cheered their future *Gauleiter* to the echo.

When, after a day or two, the news of these goings-on reached us, von Papen was furious. Of course the Turkish Government heard all about it as well, and Numan Menemencioglu, the Foreign Minister, sent for the German Ambassador immediately. It was a most painful interview for von Papen, the only really unpleasant one he ever had with Numan Menemencioglu, with whom, after years of patient and tactful work, our Ambassador had succeeded in establishing an atmosphere of personal trust and confidence, and even of friendship. And this in spite of innumerable difficulties and setbacks for which Berlin was usually responsible.

This was the trickiest situation of all, and von Papen had to face an unusually frigid Numan Menemencioglu. The latter told him very formally that his Government had instructed him to say that they were taking an extremely serious view of Germany's evident intention to establish in the immediate proximity of the Turkish border a political system likely seriously to interfere with Turkish interests and to endanger the country's security.

After returning from this painful interview, and being unwilling to demean himself by personally seeing the *Gauleiter*, the Ambassador instructed me to send for the man and to speak to him in no uncertain manner.

Eventually he came to my office, and when I asked him what on earth he thought he was doing, he replied, truculently:

'It's about time these Turks knew what's coming to them!'

'First,' I said, very quietly, 'you should realise what you've got coming to you.'

As he looked up at me with some astonishment, I went on:

'I am instructed by the Ambassador to tell you that you are to leave Turkey immediately.'

He tried to be difficult, saying insolently that he was taking no orders from anybody except his minister. It did him no good. The Ambassador was still furious, and he saw to it that the man was packed off to Berlin the same day.

But that, of course, was by no means the end of the affair so far as we were concerned. File after file became filled with unpleasant and futile correspondence, wasting our own time and that of other people too. More important, there was a noticeable estrangement with the Turkish Foreign Office, which might have had serious repercussions, and which it cost a great deal of time and tact and patience to straighten out.

I was also, purely by chance, connected with another of these diplomatic incidents inspired by Berlin, one that was potentially far more dangerous than the ridiculous '*Gauleiter* of Tiflis'.

One day in Istanbul I was browsing around the German bookshop there, as I frequently did when I had a little time to spare. As I glanced through a pile of books newly arrived from Germany, I was amazed to see a small octavo volume entitled: *Türkisches Soldaten-Wörterbuch für den Feldgebrauch*, which might be translated as *A Soldier's Guide to Turkey*. It was a phrase book, containing such sentences as a

German soldier might need while on active service in Turkey. It was an official booklet, published by the Army High Command, and was one of a series. Books with almost identical phrases had been issued to German troops before the invasion of Norway, Holland, France, Yugoslavia and the other occupied countries.

My amazement at coming across such a volume soon turned to horror when I realised the implications of this book being on sale in Istanbul, and the diplomatic crisis that was likely to ensue. I was even more apprehensive when the owner of the shop told me that out of his stock of one hundred copies, received from Berlin a day or two before, seven had already been sold.

I immediately bought the remaining ninety-three and took the night train back to Ankara, where I at once informed the Ambassador. Herr von Papen was furious and he, too, realised the implications of seven copies still being at large in Turkey.

We did not have to wait long for the expected reaction. At least one of the copies had reached the Turkish Foreign Minister. A most unpleasant interview between the Minister and the German Ambassador was the result. Herr von Papen's position was not made any easier by the fact that a week or two earlier he had delivered to the Head of the Turkish State a handwritten letter from Hitler, in which the latter professed eternal friendship and the keenest desire to spare Turkey the horrors of war.

On a visit to Berlin soon after this very disagreeable incident, I made it my business to find out who was responsible for the incredible political blunder of having such a book published at all, let alone sent to

Turkey. I found that despite the *imprimatur* of the High Command, it was the Ministry of Propaganda. This was a typical example of the way Dr Goebbels played his own game. It seemed that he did not approve of the policy of friendship with Turkey which was advocated by the German Ambassador and was temporarily endorsed by the Führer. So he hit upon the plan of having this book produced and despatched to Istanbul and many other Turkish towns, though *not* to Ankara. He evidently hoped that a few copies would thus find their way into Turkish government circles before our Embassy heard of the existence of the book, and that Turco-German relations would deteriorate in consequence.

That was the sort of background against which von Papen had to work. It required all his abilities and it was fortunate for us that he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the Turkish government and, indeed, of Turks of all classes with whom he happened to come into contact. He was an honourable man and a gentleman, qualities which the Turks recognise and value. They realised too that he had always used all his influence to prevent a German invasion of Turkey. At one time that had been a very real danger.

The respect and confidence which von Papen personally enjoyed was by no means extended to the German Foreign Office in general or to Ribbentrop in particular. It was common knowledge in diplomatic circles that the relationship between von Papen and the German Foreign Minister was anything but friendly. Time and again von Papen incurred the wrath of this chief and of the 'big chief', the Führer; his suggestions that the war might possibly be ended by negotiation they found particularly unpalatable.

On one occasion I happened to be at the Foreign Ministry in Berlin when von Papen had an unusually severe altercation with Ribbentrop. Von Papen ended it with the words:

'There is only one other thing I wish to say, *Herr Reichsaussenminister*. It is very easy to start a war; it is infinitely more difficult to finish one. If you persist in your present attitude, you, sir, will never succeed in doing so. Good day, *Herr Reichsaussenminister*.'

I was waiting in the ante-room and so I saw von Papen a few moments after he had left Ribbentrop. He was pale with anger and trembling with emotion. Back in Ankara, though, the Ambassador naturally never mentioned such differences with his chief. He continued to do his duty as best he could in these trying circumstances. I was certainly not alone in endorsing a famous and much quoted *bon mot* of the Turkish Foreign Minister, Numan Menemencioglu, who once called Papen *le dernier grand chevalier du Reich*.

The strain between the Ambassador and his Foreign Minister was not merely confined to verbal exchanges. Von Papen was actually spied on by agents of the various subsidiary intelligence services mentioned above. A particularly ludicrous example of this, though one not without significance as showing von Papen's position, came to my attention when I was on a visit to Berlin, shortly before the start of Operation Cicero, in September of 1943.

It so happened that through an intimate friend of mine in the German capital I had access to confidential reports about Turkey, most of which seemed to be written outside Turkey with a minimum of

expert knowledge and a maximum of malevolent imagination.

I used to find quite amusing titbits in these reports, often dealing with myself and my activities. They contained an amazing amount of irresponsible rubbish. Of course, all such 'reports' were concocted by one or other of the many special envoys for ever careering round occupied territories and neutral countries with some hush-hush assignment or other from one of the various 'foreign policy' departments whose sole object seemed to be to justify their highly expensive existence by fiercely intriguing one against the other. If all this had not involved such a frightful waste of manpower and money, to say nothing of the suspicion and ill-will created all round, it might have been merely funny.

Safe behind the padded walls and locked door of my friend's office, I was amusing myself by glancing through a file of these 'highly confidential' reports. One of them quoted some 'first hand information from a thoroughly reliable source' about a meeting which, on a given day and at a specific place, the German Ambassador von Papen had had with the American and Russian Ambassadors. This highly secret *rendez-vous* between enemy Ambassadors was supposed to have taken place when all three were allegedly out shooting near Ankara. According to the 'thoroughly reliable source' von Papen was accompanied by one of his attachés, who happened to be myself. The report then went into considerable detail, based, it said, on somebody's indiscretion concerning the suspicious, not to say treasonable, conversation that the three Ambassadors had held.

When I read this amazing piece of fiction I was

baffled to start with. Then, suddenly, it all came back to me. The funny thing was that there was a grain of truth in the story, a tiny grain to be sure, but one quite big enough for the author of the report to build his fables about top secret negotiations with the enemy around it.

We had gone shooting, and the meeting with the two enemy Ambassadors had taken place. But the details were rather different from those in the report.

One day my chief had kindly invited my wife and myself to accompany him on a duck shoot. Now shooting Turkish ducks, at any rate near Ankara, is not so easy as it might seem. Sure enough one can find them in huge numbers on a lake near the city, but the surrounding countryside is completely flat and open, with neither tree nor bush to provide cover. The ducks fly away long before one is within shotgun range, and so some way has to be found to deceive the birds.

Herr von Papen had thought out a very effective ruse to achieve this deception. From the Ankara Zoo he had borrowed a number of 'tame' ducks. These we took with us in the car, each one trussed and fitted with a long piece of string. When we reached the lake, from which the wild ducks had flown off as usual, we threw the ducks we had brought with us into the water. They could then swim out as far as the strings allowed. Von Papen imagined they would act as a decoy for the wild ones. Meanwhile on the shore we dug a shallow hide where the Ambassador, gun in hand, concealed himself, and I camouflaged him as best I could with branches and brambles that we had brought with us. Then, some three hundred yards away, I found a suitable ditch for myself and

there waited to see if von Papen's experiment would have any result. It did.

During the first few minutes nothing happened at all. Then, all of a sudden, two shots rang out in quick succession, echoing across the Anatolian plain. But they did not come from von Papen's hide. I saw him crawl out, covered with branches and brambles and gesticulating furiously. He had turned his back on the lake and the ducks and was shouting enragedly at two men who were standing some way off on a small hillock. They were obviously out shooting too, and, after a moment, they disappeared. I made my way towards von Papen and managed to catch a glimpse of them while doing so. My wife, who had stayed behind in the car, saw them even more clearly as they disappeared behind the hillock. The Ambassador told me, with extreme annoyance, what had happened.

'I'd hardly settled myself in the hide,' he said, 'when I heard a couple of shots behind me and was surrounded by a hail of pellets. As I jumped up I saw the two idiots silhouetted against the sun. I gave them a piece of my mind, in every language I can lay my tongue to. Blasted poachers! Shooting at sitting birds! Most disgraceful thing I ever saw! And they nearly got me too, damn them! Just look at the mess.'

I did look at the mess. The four ducks we had borrowed from the Ankara Zoo were dead as can be. As for von Papen, he was bleeding freely from behind one ear.

'Would you recognise those damned poachers?' he asked me. 'They passed close to you as they ran away. We should give their description to the police.'

'I recognised them perfectly, sir. They happened

to be your colleagues Mr Steinhardt and Gospodin Vinogradov.'

At no time did I see the Ambassador so embarrassed as at that moment when he learned that he had called the American and Russian Ambassadors poachers . . . and that was the mildest of the epithets he had used. He completely forgot his own injuries. Even so, he could not quite get over his horror at the shooting of sitting birds.

For a day or so after this incident he was extremely worried about his inadvertent rudeness to his diplomatic colleagues; the fact that we were at war and that they were on the enemy side made it all somehow worse. Finally, with true diplomatic finesse, the Ambassador solved his problem by calling personally on the Swedish and Swiss Legations, taking the Ministers into his confidence and asking them to seek a suitable opportunity for expressing his regret about the unseemly language he had used.

The fact remains that in the middle of the second World War the German Ambassador in Turkey was very nearly bagged by his enemy colleagues, along with four tame ducks from the Ankara Zoo.

This was the basis for the report of von Papen's treasonable conversation while out duck shooting. Comical though it might be, the fact that such reports were written and, presumably, taken seriously in certain circles in Berlin, did not make his position any easier.

Apart from the Ambassador the most important German diplomat in Ankara – and the only other one to be directly involved in the Cicero business – was Jenke, the First Secretary. He had a charming, though ambitious, wife, who incidentally was Ribbentrop's

sister. Their presence in Ankara was perhaps not entirely fortuitous.

So much for the Germans. On the British side von Papen's opposite number was Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British Ambassador, a most distinguished man. I saw him at many official functions, though of course I never met him to speak to. Undoubtedly he was highly thought of by our Turkish hosts, and there can be no doubt either that he must have been one of the most able and conscientious Ambassadors of the time. It was to be my lot to see and to scrutinise most thoroughly innumerable documents from the files of the British Embassy. Many of these, headed 'Most Secret', were annotated with marginal comments in Sir Hughe's own hand, a painstakingly neat and accurate handwriting which to us at the time seemed as significant of the character and personality of our 'top opposite number' as was the meticulous style of his reports. I remember how von Papen, Jenke and I - nobody else on our side in Ankara ever managed to see this secret material - more than once expressed our admiration for the high professional standard of Sir Hughe's personal reports; a most expressive style, devoid of all superfluities.

In the early autumn of 1943 an incident occurred, trifling in itself, but which seems now in retrospect to have foreshadowed what was to come. In my mind, at least, it was the beginning of the Cicero affair.

In the course of duty I attended a dinner at the Japanese Embassy. It was an extremely boring function and, when all small talk seemed to be exhausted, one of the women began to read hands. Among others she read mine, and since she happened to be the wife

of a *Chargé d'Affaires*, while I was a mere *Attaché*, it would never have done for me to treat it as a joke. I had to smile politely.

She told me that I could expect an exciting and unpleasant time. I thought to myself that in view of the general world situation and our own most precarious position one did not have to be much of a prophet to make such a prediction with a good chance of accuracy. I remember that she also predicted a long life for me and that even this, in the circumstances, did not seem to me a very pleasing prospect. Otherwise I can recall nothing about that dull dinner. But I do remember that, after leaving as early as I decently could, I went through the Embassy garden to where I had parked my car. I got into it and must have banged the door too violently, for the window broke and the glass fell tinkling into the car. The unpleasant time seemed to be starting already.

. I am not superstitious, but I did drive home very slowly and carefully so as not to give fate too much of a chance. But before retiring for the night, when I made my usual trip to the nursery and stroked my little boy's head, my wife and I noticed that he was running a temperature.

It turned out to be nothing serious, and the coincidence of these two disagreeable events seemed less alarming in the morning.

But that day, too, seemed fated to have its quota of misfortune. It did not concern me directly at the time, it is true. It was my secretary's bad luck, yet the ultimate consequences were to be most sinister and far reaching for me.

My secretary's real name – she is now happily

married somewhere in Germany – is beside the point. As a matter of fact no one in the Embassy ever called her by her real name. She was Schnürchen to everybody, because her favourite expression was that everything in the office must '*Am Schnürchen gehen*', which is the German equivalent for everything being under control, and in apple-pie order. It certainly was, so far as her work was concerned. Efficient, tidy, reliable and loyal – she was that rare phenomenon, the perfect secretary. When Schnürchen was on holiday or ill, which hardly ever happened, I was forced to admit that I had better restrict my own activities to the absolute minimum. Schnürchen was not only the perfect secretary; she was practically indispensable.

On the morning after the Japanese Embassy dinner Schnürchen, while closing the heavy door of the office safe, caught her thumb in it. The poor girl was in agony and half fainting as I ran for the doctor. She was out of pain after a day or two and fit for her secretarial duties once more, except, of course, that she could not use her typewriter.

Schnürchen's pain is long forgotten, and I am sure she will forgive me when I say that her mishap was really no great tragedy. But I certainly found it no joke at the time, though I did not, of course, then guess that it was precisely this little accident which constituted the first link in a chain of events far more disagreeable than anything that the bored lady palmist could possibly have foreseen.

The second link in that chain of events was the necessity for me to find an assistant secretary to help poor Schnürchen with the typing. This was to be Elisabet, who was to become so deeply involved in the most unpleasant part of Operation Cicero.

Incidentally I wish to say that Elisabet was not the real name of the girl who was to play so sinister a rôle. I have no idea whether she is alive or dead now, nor do I know what became of her after that last dreadful day. But for the sake of the girl's family I do not propose to reveal her real identity.

Like all human beings I have made mistakes in my life; when looking at cause and effect dispassionately after the event, I have had to admit that in most cases I have had no one to blame but myself.

In the case of Elisabet, however, this does not seem to apply. No doubt I made mistakes here too – one of which was particularly serious – yet I think that in general I need not blame myself too much. All I did was to place confidence in a person who was in need – she was in no material need yet she seemed starved for trust above all – and my mistake was that I gave it to her instead of to others who would have been worthy of it. Elisabet tricked me, and did it most cleverly. Neurotic as she was, she yet managed to play a very subtle psychological game with us. It took me a long time even to realise how much she disliked me.

Shortly after Schnürchen's accident, early in September 1943, I went to Berlin. This trip too, from beginning to end, seemed to be fated. On the way out our courier plane was shot at from a ship while flying over the Black Sea. It was the first time this had happened, and somehow we escaped.

In Berlin the outlook was grim. Even at the airport the reception was as cool as the weather. The attack on Sicily had begun, and on the Eastern front things were going badly. All this was reflected in the atmosphere of the Wilhelmstrasse.

The officials there made no bones about telling me, and some of my colleagues of military age, that we were merely wasting time and precious foreign currency and that we would soon be sent to the front, all of us. They reproached us and other foreign missions with having been unaware of the Allied landing in North Africa and of most other events leading to the Italian collapse, until they were common knowledge. They said, in so many words, that unless we could supply Berlin with some real 'hot stuff' in the way of information, we might as well prepare ourselves in the very near future to exchange our cushy jobs abroad for less comfortable billets somewhere on the Eastern front.

It was only just before my departure that, perhaps to cheer me up and to help me radiate optimism among the Turks, I was given a sort of pep talk on all the secret weapons that were being built and other miracles that would soon restore the fortunes of war for the benefit of the Reich.

I knew as well as anybody else that such talk would hardly impress the Turks, and it was not exactly in an exhilarated mood that I returned to my post from that unpleasant visit to Berlin. I felt fairly certain that I would not be in Turkey very much longer. I little knew that a few weeks later I would be back in Berlin, my brief case filled with the 'hottest stuff' of the war.

For, once back in Ankara, only a few weeks were to elapse before the advent of Cicero. One more noteworthy event occurred during that time. It concerned two men who at first seemed utterly unimportant and quite unrelated to Operation Cicero. Indirectly they too, or at any rate one of them, were to have a decisive influence on the final shaping of events.

I have forgotten their names, perhaps because so many years have elapsed since I last saw them, but also no doubt because they looked and were so utterly insignificant in themselves. I will call them Hans and Fritz. They were two German fliers, both in the middle twenties. One of them was quite good looking, the other so nondescript that his face has become a blur to me. At the time of which I am speaking they had only been in Turkey for a few months. They were said to have baled out over the Black Sea after a dramatic fight against a superior force of Russian fighter planes. Having reached neutral soil they were, of course, interned according to international law.

They were not put behind barbed wire. The Turks treated them in the same way that they treated combatants of other nations, whether they were Germans, Englishmen or Italians, which was very decently indeed. They were all accommodated in comfortable Ankara hotels, from which they were allowed out all day on parole. The only restriction was that they had to be back in their hotel at night.

I well remember how well Hans and Fritz were treated by the German colony in Ankara during their first few weeks there. They were invited everywhere. Money was contributed to a fund which provided them with good civilian clothes and a generous allowance of pocket money. I also remember how they used to talk. It was all very patriotic and they were only too anxious to explain to anyone who would listen about their plans to escape home so that they could get back into battle. That at least is what they said.

When this came to our notice at the Embassy, we regarded it as our duty to warn the men against

attempting to escape while on parole. We explained that this would involve breaking their word of honour and besides it would certainly result in the Turks revoking the privileges that they now so generously extended to interned Axis military personnel. We need not have worried.

They were quite happy in Ankara. From what little I saw or heard of Hans and Fritz in those days, I gathered that their frequently expressed desire for a hero's death had the intended effect on the unattached ladies of the German colony in Ankara. Hans and Fritz were given a very good time, lunching and dining out on their heroic exploits of the past, no less than on their ardent hopes for the future.

At last one day some doubts arose as to the strict veracity of that dramatic aerial combat over the Black Sea. Everyone had heard about it often enough. Yet, gradually, certain contradictory statements appeared when a luncheon version was compared with a late afternoon one. One or two Germans grew sceptical and caused certain enquiries to be made with the men's squadron, which was still stationed in the Crimea. By chance – though I hate to use that word when speaking of anything even remotely connected with Operation Cicero – the first official enquiry went astray somewhere on its long way from Ankara via Berlin to the Crimea. After some time a second enquiry was sent. The responsible officials were quite remarkably slow in sending an answer, and by the time it had arrived it taught us nothing that we did not already know. For by then we had ourselves discovered that Hans and Fritz were deserters, and that all the time they were being lionised by the German colony they were also on the payroll of the

British Secret Service. Thus we were not particularly surprised to hear that the dramatic air combat over the Black Sea, which had made so many ladies' hearts flutter, had never taken place. The *Luftwaffe* authorities informed us drily that, on a certain day at a certain airfield in the Crimea, two men had taken off in an aeroplane on a test flight and had never been seen again.

So much for the characters involved in Operation Cicero. In the case of the two deserters I have strayed far ahead of the chronological order of events, for their final unmasking occurred many months after that night of October 26th 1943, when I first met Cicero. Yet once Cicero did appear events took so rapid a course that there would be no time to explain the background of such minor characters as Hans and Fritz. In comparison with Cicero they are pale, shadowy creatures, as indeed were all the other participants in the drama with the sole exception of Elisabet.

CHAPTER TWO



THOSE autumn days in Ankara were strangely beautiful. The summer had been even hotter than usual, which is already too hot, but by October the temperature was perfect and the daily sunshine gave us as much pleasure as did the serenity of the incredibly blue sky stretching over the great expanse of the Anatolian plain. It seemed a very peaceful world, almost ironically so.

The 26th of October was in appearance no different from any other day. I dealt with various routine matters. I left the office early and, as I drove home, I certainly had no suspicion that before this day was over my whole life would have been changed.

I had decided to go to bed early. I read for a while but soon switched off the light and was fast asleep when the telephone rang.

Now it happened that my telephone had been out of order for a few days, which had been a considerable nuisance. Just before turning in my wife and I had been grumbling because it still was not working. So when I was awakened by its insistent ringing I was not so annoyed as I might otherwise have been.

I have often wondered if, and how, Operation Cicero might have developed supposing the Ankara telephone service had taken a few more hours to repair my line and I had not been obtainable that night.

I was still half asleep as I reached for the receiver. It was Frau Jenke, the wife of the First Secretary. There was a note of anxiety and urgency in her voice.

'Would you please come round to our flat at once? My husband wants to see you.'

I said that I was already in bed and asked what it was all about, but was cut short by Frau Jenke.

'It's urgent. Please come immediately.'

My wife had woken up too, and as I dressed we wondered what sort of a fool's errand this would turn out to be. It was probably some ridiculous signal from Berlin. That sort of thing had happened before. As I left the house I glanced at my watch. It was half past ten.

A few minutes' drive took me to the Embassy which, on account of its German style and also because it contained several buildings, was called *Alman Koy*, the German village, by the Turks. The sleepy Turkish porter opened the big iron gate. A short walk brought me to where the Jenkes lived, and I rang the bell. Frau Jenke opened the door herself, apologising in a few words for having disturbed my sleep.

'My husband's gone to bed, but he would like to see you first thing in the morning.'

Then she pointed to the door of the drawing room.

'There's a strange sort of character in there. He has something he wants to sell us. You're to talk to him and find out what it's all about. And when you go, do please remember to shut the front door after you. I've sent the servants to bed.'

She disappeared, and as I stood alone in the hall I wondered whether it was really part of an attaché's duties to have conversations in the dead of night with

'But I'll want money for them, a lot of money. My work, you know is dangerous, and if I were caught . . .'

He repeated the unpleasant gesture with his hand across his throat, though this time, at any rate, it was not meant for me.

'You've got funds for that sort of thing, haven't you? Or your Ambassador has? Your Government would provide it. I want twenty thousand pounds, English pounds sterling.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'Quite out of the question. We don't dispose of such sums here. Certainly not in sterling. It would have to be something extraordinarily important to be worth anything near that price. Besides, first I'd have to see these papers of yours. Have you got them with you?'

He leaned back, so that his face was out of the light again. My eyes by now were accustomed to the dimness and I could see his expression. There was rather a superior smile on his unattractive face. I was not quite sure what to say. After all, I knew absolutely nothing about the fellow, save that he wanted an extremely large sum of money for documents which purported to come from the British Embassy. I said nothing, and he soon began to speak again.

'I'm not a fool. I've spent years preparing for this day. I've worked out all the details. Now the time has come to act. I'll tell you my terms. If you agree, very well. If you don't . . .'

He leaned forward, out into the full glare of the lamp, and with the thumb of his left hand pointed in the direction of the heavily curtained window:

' . . . if you don't, then I'll see if they'd like to have my documents over there.'

His thumb was pointing in the direction of the Soviet Embassy. There was a moment's silence, and then he added, hissing the words:

'You see, I hate the British.'

I cannot recall what exactly I said in answer to the proposition, but I do remember that at this moment, for the first time, it occurred to me that the man might not be a crook after all. A fanatic perhaps? Yet he was asking for a very great deal of money.

I offered him a cigarette, which he accepted gratefully, taking a few deep pulls and then stubbing it out. He rose and went to the door once again to make sure that there was no one listening. Then he turned back and planted himself squarely in front of me. I got up too.

'You'd like to know who I am, wouldn't you? My name is quite unimportant and has no bearing. Perhaps I'll tell you what I do, but first listen to me. I'll give you three days to consider my proposition. You'll have to see your chief, and he'll probably have to get in touch with Berlin. On the 30th of October, at three in the afternoon, I'll telephone you at your office and ask you if you've received a letter for me. I'll call myself Pierre. If you say no, you'll never see me again. If you say yes, it'll mean that you've accepted my offer. In that case I'll come to see you again at ten o'clock on the evening of the same day. Not here though. We'll have to arrange some other meeting place. You'll then receive from me two rolls of film, containing photographs of British secret documents. I'll receive from you the sum of twenty thousand pounds in bank notes. You'll be risking twenty thousand pounds, but I'll have risked my life. Should you approve of my first delivery you can have

more. For each subsequent roll of film I'll want fifteen thousand pounds. Well?'

I was inclined to think that the offer might be genuine, but I was convinced that, in view of the exorbitant price he was asking, nothing could come of it, particularly since he seemed to expect us to buy the papers sight unseen. I made a mental note to stress the inordinate risk in the memo that I would have to write about all this. I was certain the offer would be turned down.

Nevertheless we agreed that he should telephone me at my office on the 30th day of October at three o'clock. We also agreed that in the event of his offer being accepted we would meet near the tool shed at the end of the Embassy Garden.

After these details had been arranged he asked me to switch out all the lights in the hall and on the stairs. He wished to leave the house under cover of complete darkness.

I complied with his request. When I came back to the drawing room he had put on his overcoat and his hat, which was pulled down low over his eyes. It was past midnight by now.

I stood at the door to let him pass. He suddenly gripped my arm, and hissed in my ear:

'You'd like to know who I am? I'm the British Ambassador's valet.'

Without awaiting my reaction to this he stepped out into the darkness.

Thus ended my first meeting with the man, who, a few days later, was given the code name of Cicero.

I switched out the lights in the drawing room and left the Jenke's house, Walking through the Embassy garden I could not help wondering how the man

whom Frau Jenke had called a strange sort of character had managed to find his way out in a pitch dark and unfamiliar place. I left my car where I had parked it and walked home through the cool, starlit night.

At home I found everybody fast asleep but try as I might I could not get to sleep again myself.

The next morning I had a slight headache and that dry feeling that comes after a sleepless night. By daylight and in the slightly jaundiced frame of mind in which I found myself, the business of the night before seemed grotesque. I was inclined to revert to my original impression that the man was nothing but a trickster out to put one over on the gullible Germans.

Taken at its face value the offer was, of course, quite fantastic. On the other hand it was just possible that this might after all be the 'hot stuff' that they were so imperiously demanding in Berlin.

After a long soak in my tub and some strong coffee I began to feel better. Besides, I told myself, there was really no need for me to worry about it at all. I would not have to make any decision; that was a matter for the Ambassador or, more probably, for Berlin. My job was merely to report what had taken place.

I reached my office very early that morning. My secretary had not yet arrived and I was glad of the opportunity to draft my memo for the Ambassador completely undisturbed.

As I signed it I began to wonder why the mysterious visitor, who claimed to be the British Ambassador's valet, had gone to Jenke. But then, of course, all Ankara knew that Jenke was Ribbentrop's brother-in-law. That might explain it. I did not have to wait long, though, to discover the real reason which was

to go a long way towards dispersing my doubts about the genuineness of the man's offer. While I waited for the Ambassador to arrive Herr Jenke telephoned and asked me to come over. Unlike me, both Herr and Frau Jenke had passed a very good night.

I sat down at table with them. I could see that Jenke was consumed with curiosity about the events of the night before, though of course he could say nothing while the servant was in the room. She seemed to take for ever, passing round coffee and rolls, while we did our best to make casual conversation. Jenke's evident impatience amused me. I felt that it was a slight revenge for my sleepless night. When at long last the servant had gone out I turned to Frau Jenke:

'That strange sort of character of yours - he had a most remarkable offer to make.'

'I know,' Jenke interrupted. 'I had a few words with him before you arrived. I thought you were the best man to deal with him. In my position I have to be careful about getting involved in anything of that sort. His offer seemed, to put it mildly, somewhat unusual; just the sort of thing for which efficient young attachés are employed. In the Diplomatic Service, as you know, there are only two perfect jobs, that of attaché and that of being the First Secretary's wife. They can do things we others can't. Provided, of course, they don't get caught.'

We all laughed, and the First Secretary's wife and I clinked our coffee cups together. Then I said to Jenke:

'So you met the man. Why do you think he picked on you?'

'I've met the man all right, and he knows me too

said Jenke. 'Some six or seven years ago, that' was before I joined the Diplomatic Service, he worked for a while in our house. I haven't seen him since. I can't remember his name, but I did recognise his face when he came here last night. What's he after? I suppose he wants money?'

'He most certainly does,' I said. 'To be exact he wants twenty thousand pounds sterling.'

'What!' Herr and Frau Jenke exclaimed together. 'Twenty thousand pounds!'

I nodded, but before I could tell them more the telephone rang. I had asked for an appointment with the Ambassador as soon as he came in. He would see me now. Jenke came along too.

We entered Herr von Papen's office together. It was a large room on the first floor, simply and tastefully furnished, with fine pictures on the walls. Behind his big desk sat the Ambassador, grey haired but still very handsome. He gazed at me with his striking blue eyes.

'Well, gentlemen, what have you been up to?'

'Last night,' I said, 'in Herr Jenke's house, I had a most remarkable conversation. With the British Ambassador's valet.'

'With whom?' asked Herr von Papen.

I repeated what I had said and handed him my memo. He put on his spectacles and, as he read, glanced at me once or twice over the top of them, which gave his serious face a strangely puckish expression. When he had finished reading he pushed the paper to the far side of his desk, as if he wanted instinctively to have nothing to do with its contents. He got up, went to the window, opened it, and still without a word stood staring out over the open

country to the line of mountains rising blue in the far distance. At last he turned towards us.

'What sort of valets do we employ in our Embassy?'

I looked at the Ambassador and then at Herr Jenke. No one said anything.

'What are we to do, sir?' I asked finally.

'I don't know. In any case the sum mentioned is far too large for us to be in a position to decide the matter here. Draft a signal for Berlin and bring it to me personally. I'll have another word with you then.'

I went to my office, leaving Jenke with the Ambassador. When, half an hour later, I came back Herr von Papen was alone. I held the draft of the signal in my hands.

'You realise what might be behind all this?' the Ambassador asked.

'Well, sir, I suppose it might be a trap. They could let us have some documents, even genuine ones, and then bluff us later on with a bogus one. Even at best, that is if the man is genuine and it's not a British trap, we'd be involved in a most unpleasant scandal if the story ever came out.'

'What impression did the man make on you personally?'

'Not a particularly good one, sir, though by the end of the conversation I was inclined to believe his tale. He struck me as unscrupulous enough, and his hatred of the British, unless it's put on, would be an additional motive, quite apart from his obvious desire for money. On the whole he didn't strike me as an ordinary crook. Of course all this is mere conjecture on my part.'

'What do you think the British would do if one of our people made them a comparable offer?'

'I think they'd undoubtedly accept it, sir. In time of war no nation could afford to turn down such a proposition. In peacetime it would probably be better diplomatic business to do the gentlemanly thing and inform the British Ambassador rather than get involved with stolen documents. But in time of war, sir. . . .'

The Ambassador reached for my draft signal and read it carefully. Then he took his green pencil – green was the Ambassador's colour, and no one else at the Embassy, when signing documents or initialing files, was allowed to use it – and made a few small amendments, re-read the text, and finally signed it. Then he pushed it over to me. The piece of paper had now become an official document.

'Read it to me again,' he said.

I did so:

TO THE REICH FOREIGN MINISTER. PERSONAL.
MOST SECRET.

WE HAVE OFFER OF BRITISH EMBASSY EMPLOYEE ALLEGED TO BE BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S VALET TO PROCURE PHOTOGRAPHS OF TOP SECRET ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. FOR FIRST DELIVERY ON OCTOBER 30TH TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING IN BANK NOTES ARE DEMANDED. FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS FOR ANY FURTHER ROLL OF FILMS. PLEASE ADVISE WHETHER OFFER CAN BE ACCEPTED. IF SO SUM REQUIRED MUST BE DESPATCHED BY SPECIAL COURIER TO ARRIVE HERE NOT LATER THAN OCTOBER 30TH. ALLEGED VALET WAS EMPLOYED SEVERAL YEARS AGO BY FIRST SECRETARY OTHERWISE NOTHING MUCH KNOWN HERE. PAPEN.

This signal was encoded at once and despatched by wireless before noon on October 27th. It was on Ribbentrop's desk within the hour.

Nothing happened on October 27th or 28th and by the evening of that day I was convinced that the Foreign Minister, if he deigned to answer at all, would decide in the negative. It had happened more than once that the Ambassador's suggestions had been turned down merely because they came from him, including some that might have gone a long way to help our country's cause. The animosity between the Reich Foreign Minister and the Chancellor of pre-Hitler Germany was unbridgeable, and once Ribbentrop's enmity was aroused it was difficult enough, at the best of times and in the most straightforward matters, to get a clear-cut decision out of him. In these circumstances we were all of us practically certain that Berlin would say no.

The 28th October was the eve of a great Turkish national festival and that night all Ankara was floodlit.

On the 29th I had almost forgotten about the answer that we were still awaiting from Berlin. When we did give it a thought we took it absolutely for granted that the offer would be rejected. Besides, that day there was little time to think about anything except the routine business on hand. Apart from the numerous functions connected with the Turkish National Festival and the official gatherings to be attended, it also happened to be von Papen's birthday, so we too had a reception at the Embassy in the morning and a dinner at night. All this meant much work for us.

After the morning reception at our Embassy,

attended by all non-enemy envoys and numerous Turkish friends, the entire Diplomatic Corps had to go to a reception given by the Turkish President in the building of the National Assembly. These extremely official functions were attended by friend and foe alike, but our tactful hosts saw to it that opposite camps never met in the same ante-room. On this occasion, however, there must have been some hitch in the usual arrangements. Wearing diplomatic uniform with orders and decorations, and with the Ambassador leading us, we had all gone forward individually to meet the Turkish President. A few moments later, as we left the reception room, I almost collided with a distinguished looking elderly gentleman in full-dress uniform. I did not recognise him immediately, but I soon realised that it was the British Ambassador, who, at the head of the British Mission, was entering the hall while the tail of the German one was still leaving.

I stepped aside at once. But as I made my way to the door I had to pass a long row of British diplomats who, I felt rightly or wrongly, looked at me in a somewhat hostile manner. This was the last big reception of the Turkish President's to be attended by diplomatic representatives of the Third Reich. By that time next year we had all been interned and Germans no longer stood in the way of the British in Turkey.

In the early afternoon there was a military parade on the racecourse. The diplomatic boxes were fully occupied with friend and foe, once again tactfully separated. Only the few remaining neutrals could move about at will.

It was a curious sort of existence, being a diplomat

in wartime Ankara. On the one hand the pretence of peaceful trivialities and diplomatic courtesy had to be kept up in a world torn by war. On the other hand the correct appearance of enmity had also to be maintained. Yet at home I still drank good Scotch whisky, while my enemy colleagues enjoyed equally good German hock. Indian curry powder and Hungarian paprika were popular objects of international barter, all this of course being done through the Turkish servants. Being neutrals, they were in the enviable position of being able to keep up diplomatic and business relations with both sides.

I could not help thinking of these pleasing human touches, as I watched the magnificent military spectacle that had been arranged by our hosts for both our and our enemies' special benefit. Barely five yards away from where I sat the enemy camp began. There were many frank and agreeable faces to be seen among them. But it was better not to look at them. Apart from being incorrect, it could only lead to confusion in one's own mind. They were the enemy and that was that.

When, after the parade, I returned to the Embassy, I found a message that the Ambassador wished to see me at once. I went to his office where, without a word, he handed me a decoded signal. I read:

TO AMBASSADOR VON PAPEN. PERSONAL.
MOST SECRET.

BRITISH VALET'S OFFER TO BE ACCEPTED TAKING
EVERY PRECAUTION. SPECIAL COURIER ARRIVING
ANKARA 30TH BEFORE NOON. EXPECT IMMEDIATE
REPORT AFTER DELIVERY OF DOCUMENTS.
RIBBENTROP.

The matter had been decided for us.

On October 30th, at 3 p.m. sharp, the telephone rang in my office. I think my heart skipped a beat as I snatched for the receiver. The voice at the other end sounded faint and far away.

'Pierre here. *Bon jour, monsieur*. Have you got my letters?'

'Yes.'

'I'll see you tonight. *Au revoir!*'

He hung up. I could distinctly hear the click at his end. My secretary was looking at me with surprise. I had grabbed the receiver from her hand when she was about to answer the call. There was an unspoken reproach in her eyes. She guessed that there was some sort of secret in which she was not allowed to share.

I asked to see the Ambassador. After a minute or two Fräulein Rose, his secretary, rang through to say he was awaiting me. I went in at once.

'The valet's just telephoned, sir. I'm meeting him at ten tonight.'

'Take care, my boy, not to let him fool you. Between you and me I don't care for this business at all. Above all we can't afford any sort of scandal here. You have my instructions to go ahead, of course. But you must realise that if anything should go wrong, for example if there should be any scandal, I'm afraid I shan't be able to protect you, and in fact I'd probably have to disclaim all knowledge of what you were doing. Let me warn you to be particularly careful about not mentioning this to anyone, *anyone*. No one must know anything about it who doesn't absolutely have to. Remember, *on n'est trahi que par les siens*.'

'I've thought a great deal about it, sir, including

the actual manner of handing over the money. I won't give it to him before I've had a chance of making sure that the stuff's genuine. Frankly, sir, I don't care for this sort of thing any more than you do. I'll do my best and I fully realise that if anything goes wrong it'll be my responsibility and mine alone. But I'm sure we'd have been wrong if we'd turned the offer down. No one could, in wartime. The other side wouldn't. Besides, it's not as though we were dipping into the British safe. The stuff's being brought to us. Anyway, we don't even know if it'll amount to anything. It may still turn out to be a trick.'

'Perhaps,' said the Ambassador. 'Frankly I'm not quite sure whether I'd be altogether sorry if it were. Anyway, here's the money. You'd better count it.'

Herr von Parren pulled out of his middle drawer an enormous bundle of banknotes, which he pushed across the desk to me. So the Berlin courier had arrived in time. I was astonished by that mass of banknotes, consisting as it did entirely of ten, twenty and fifty pound notes, wrapped up in bundles. Could they not have found some of larger denomination in Berlin? To carry all this paper one would have to cram one's pockets to bursting point. Furthermore they all seemed to be suspiciously new. Only a small proportion of them seemed ever to have been in circulation. Somehow I felt vaguely suspicious about this.

The Ambassador seemed to have guessed my thoughts.

'Look altogether too new, these notes.'

I shrugged my shoulders and began to count. It was twenty thousand, all right. I wrapped the whole lot up in the large front page of *La République*, which

was lying on the Ambassador's desk. As I was leaving, Herr von Papen accompanied me as far as the door.

'Remember – don't get me into trouble – or yourself either.'

Admirable wish, I thought. Unfortunately it was not to be fulfilled.

Hugging my expensive parcel I went downstairs and across the Embassy gardens to my office. There I locked up the money in my safe.

Later that afternoon I sent for my secretary. I knew I would have to hurt her feelings, but I had no choice in the matter. I didn't intend to take even the shadow of a risk.

'By the way, would you mind letting me have the other key to the safe? I'll take care of it from now on.'

She gave me an astonished look. I could see that she resented this.

'Don't you trust me any more?'

'This, my dear Schnurchen, isn't a question of trusting or not trusting. It's just that events could take place which would make it necessary for me to have both keys. Believe me, the last thing I want is to hurt your feelings.'

She gave me the key at once, but there was still some resentment in her expression and I felt sorry for what I had done. But I remembered von Papen's words, *on n'est trahi que par les siens*. I was not going to risk that. As a matter of fact Schnurchen got the key back a week later, when I had to go to Berlin, and after that she kept it. For technical reasons this was unavoidable. Nor did she ever, at any time or in any way, betray the great trust I placed in her.

At ten minutes to ten that evening I was back in the Embassy. I drew the curtains in my office and

put out the lights in the hall, so that there was no chance of my visitor being seen from outside.

In the Embassy cellar, where we had our dark room, the photographer was ready. The man was an entirely trustworthy code clerk who, in civilian life, had been a professional photographer. If the valet really brought a roll of film it was to be developed at once. As it happens, I am myself an amateur photographer, but I knew little about developing. That is why in the early stages of Operation Cicero I could not avoid employing the professional, but I think I managed to keep him from knowing what it was all about. I supposed he guessed that important documents were being handled, but where they came from and what they amounted to he never learned, at least not from me.

At two minutes to ten I was standing at the end of the Embassy garden, at the appointed meeting place near the tool shed. It was a dark night, though the stars were out, and it seemed to me very suitable for the purpose in hand.

It was rather cold and absolutely still. I could almost hear the beating of my own heart. I had hardly waited a minute before I saw a person approaching me. My eyes tried to pierce the darkness. Then I heard his voice, speaking softly:

'It's me, Pierre. *Tout va bien*'

CHAPTER THREE



WE walked together from the tool shed to the Embassy in silence. At the speed I was going he must have had extraordinarily good eyesight to find his way without stumbling, for there was a number of small steps, and this ground was quite unfamiliar to him. Or was it? I wondered. Neither of us spoke a word.

We crossed the darkened hall and into my room. When I switched on the light we were both, for the moment, dazzled by the glare.

He showed no trace now of the nervousness he had betrayed at our first meeting a few days before. He was apparently in the best of spirits and full of confidence. As for myself, I must admit that I was a little nervous. I was by no means sure what the end of all this would be.

He spoke first:

'Have you the money?'

I nodded.

He reached into his overcoat pocket and took out two rolls of film, which, I could see at a glance, were 36 mm films. They lay in his open hand, but he withdrew it when I reached for them.

'First the money,' he said calmly.

I went to my safe and opened it. I recall that I had a little trouble with the combination, probably on account of my nervousness. My back was turned to him, and this added to my discomfort. It occurred to

me that there was nothing to stop him knocking me on the head from behind as I was opening the safe, taking the money and vanishing. After all, there were twenty thousand pounds in the safe, besides one or two other things that would have been of considerable value to other people. When at last I had got the safe open and reached for the bundle, my hands were trembling slightly. I shut the heavy door at once, and in my hurry nearly repeated Schnürchen's mistake of catching my thumb in it.

I turned round. He stood in the same spot, his eyes fixed on the newspaper package I held, an expression of mingled curiosity and greed on his face.

This was a critical moment. I had to remain firm now in my decision not to pay him the money before I had made sure what it was I was buying. As I unwrapped the banknotes I walked over to my desk. There I counted them, aloud and very slowly. Coming a little closer he counted them with me, for I could see his lips moving when I glanced up at him.

'Fifteen thousand . . . two fifty . . . five hundred . . . seven fifty . . . sixteen thousand. . . '

And so until it was done. When I had finished I re-wrapped the whole lot in the sheet of newspaper. This was the decisive point.

'Give me the films,' I said, putting my left hand on the money and holding out my right. He gave me both rolls, at the same time reaching out towards the bundle of notes.

'Not yet,' I said. 'You can have it as soon as I know what the films are like. You'll have to wait here for about a quarter of an hour while I develop them. Everything's ready. The money's all here: you've seen it and counted it yourself. If you won't

agree to this you can have your film back at once. Well?’

‘You’re very suspicious. You should have more trust in me. But all right. I’ll wait here.’

I felt extremely relieved. Apparently it wasn’t a trick after all. For the first time I felt that maybe the whole business would turn out all right. The sight of the money and my deliberately slow counting of it, had had the effect I intended. He saw himself already in possession of a fortune, and he was not going to risk it all by being stubborn. Furthermore I realised that through the money I had a certain power over him. He seemed to have considerably more confidence in me than I had in him.

He stood there quite calmly while I locked the money back in the safe. I too had fully recovered my composure by this time. The critical moment was passed.

‘Cigarette?’ I held out my case and he helped himself to several.

‘They’ll last me till you get back,’ he said quite coolly.

He sat down and began to smoke. I locked the door from the outside, because I did not want the night watchman coming into the room on his round. The valet must have heard the key turn but, somewhat to my surprise, he made no protest at being locked in like a prisoner. Then, with the two rolls of film in my pocket I hurried to the dark room where the photographer was waiting.

He had made all the necessary preparations. The developer was ready and brought to the correct temperature. He put both the films into the developing tanks. I asked him to explain all his actions to me in

detail, because in future I intended to do all this myself. It took much longer than I expected.

'Is it all right to smoke?' I asked.

'Certainly, sir, so long as the films are in the developing tanks.'

The photographer was busy under his safe-lights. Some ten minutes later the first tank was opened. I took out the spool myself and put it in the rinsing bath and immediately afterwards into the fixing bath. The second film followed.

Again some minutes passed, very slowly it seemed to me. At last the photographer said:

'The first one should be ready by now.'

He held one end of the film up against the viewing box.

In spite of the small size of the negatives I could clearly see the typescript. The photographs of both rolls seemed to be technically perfect. Then the two precious strips were dipped into the washing tank. I stood there watching it all impatiently. Another few minutes and we would know what it was that we were buying at such a high price.

I pegged the wet films on to a line. Now the little room was brightly lit by a hundred-watt bulb. Taking a strong magnifying glass I bent over the wet strip. I could read the writing quite clearly – MOST SECRET. FROM FOREIGN OFFICE TO BRITISH EMBASSY, ANKARA.

That, and the fact that the document bore a very recent date was quite enough for me.

I hurried the photographer out, locked the door carefully, and asked him to meet me there again in about fifteen minutes' time. Then I went up to my office.

When I came in Cicero was still sitting exactly as

I had left him. Only the full ashtray indicated 'that he had been waiting for quite some time. He seemed neither impatient nor irritated. All he said was:

'Well?'

Instead of answering I opened my safe, took out the bundle of notes, and handed it over to him. I also presented him with a previously prepared receipt for the amount of twenty thousand pounds sterling but this he shoved aside with an arrogant gesture. I must say that at that moment I felt slightly ridiculous.

Then he stuffed the big bundle under his coat, which he had not taken off at any time. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and turned up the collar of his overcoat. In the darkness even a close friend might have failed to recognise him.

'*Au revoir, monsieur,*' he said. 'Same time tomorrow.'

He gave me a curt nod and vanished into the night.

As I write these lines I can recall the events of that night with the greatest distinctness. Phrases come back to me that I had thought I had forgotten, but above all I can see, as clearly as if he stood before me now, the man's hunched-up figure and queer face: a study in ambition, long frustrated and now about to be realised; the face of a slave who has long dreamed of power and who at last has it in his grasp. Barely an hour before, he had entered my office a simple domestic servant; he was leaving it a wealthy man. I can still hear the curiously sneering and triumphant tone of voice in which he spoke as he left me, clutching his precious package beneath his coat.

'*A demain, monsieur. A la même heure.*'

Looking back on it all is like remembering scenes

from another life. Yet my emotions during the next few hours remain absolutely clear to me. I did not go to bed. Hour after hour, behind the locked door of my office, I read, sifted, made notes, read again. Gradually, as the night wore on, much that, for me, had been confused and ill-understood in international affairs was thrown into harsh light by those coldly written, secret documents. Finally, exhausted by emotion as much as by anything else, I fell asleep over my desk, where my secretary's knock at the door next morning awakened me.

First I had gone down the narrow staircase once again to the dark room. I waited in the little room, where the narrow strips of film were still in the washing-tank until the photographer came back. He put the films into a drying-cabinet. I hated being dependent on help at such a time. Yet I do not think I need have worried. I doubt very much whether the photographer had any inkling of what was going on.

The first enlargements were made. I sat in front of the apparatus, while our man explained to me about focusing, duration of exposure and the preparation of the developing and fixing solutions. With this help I managed to make quite adequate enlargements. Once I was sure I could carry on on my own I thanked him and sent him off to bed. I was glad to be alone.

The two rolls consisted of fifty-two negatives which I now proceeded to enlarge. I did the work mechanically, fairly fast. For the time being I restrained myself from studying the contents of the documents. I could see that the prints were quite clear, perfectly exposed and easily legible when enlarged.

Hours passed. It was nearly 4 a.m. by the time I had finished the job. Fifty-two enlargements lay before me, perfectly dried and glazed. I did not feel at all tired.

Next I gave the room a thorough inspection to make sure I had not left anything lying about. Some of my first enlargements had been spoiled and there were one or two duplicates. I would have liked to burn them, but there was no fire-place, as the whole building was centrally heated, and I didn't want to risk an open fire. So I tore all the duplicates up into very small pieces and flushed them down the lavatory. Then, carefully carrying the two rolls of film and the fifty-two enlargements I went back to my room where I locked the door behind me. I remember how much I enjoyed the first cigarette after all those hours of concentrated work. The fifty-two glossy documents lay on my desk, still unread. Now, at last, I could settle down to study them.

My astonishment grew. It seemed almost beyond the realms of possibility. Here, on my desk, were the most carefully guarded secrets of the enemy, both political and military, and of incalculable value. There was nothing suspect about these documents. These were no plant. There could be no shadow of a doubt that these were the real thing. Out of the blue there had dropped into our laps the sort of papers a Secret Service agent might dream about for a lifetime without believing that he could ever get hold of them. Even at a glance I could see that the valet's service to the Third Reich was unbelievably important. His price had not been exorbitant.

Being accustomed to working methodically, I tried at first to arrange the photographs in order of

importance. Since every one of them was so vital, it was almost impossible to give them any sort of priority and I finally decided simply to arrange them by their dates.

None of these documents was older than a fortnight at most, and the majority bore a date of the last few days. They were all signals passed between the Foreign Office in London and the British Embassy in Ankara. They included instructions, queries and answers to queries. Many of them were reports concerning political and military matters of the utmost importance. All of them bore in the top left hand corner the imprint: TOP SECRET OR MOST SECRET. Apart from the date they also showed the time at which they had been sent and received by the wireless operators. This was an important technical point, which Berlin alleged later was of material help to their experts in breaking the British diplomatic cipher.

Of particular value for us were signals from the Foreign Office concerning relations and exchanges of opinion between London, Washington and Moscow. It was doubtless the extremely important position that Sir Hughe occupied, no less than the personal respect and confidence that he enjoyed in London, that led to his being so well-informed about political and military affairs. I had clear proof of this in the batch of glossy photographs on my desk.

Yet for a German those documents had a far more important and upsetting message to reveal. They clearly showed the determination, as well as the ability, of the Allies utterly to destroy the Third Reich. And that, in the comparatively near future. Chance, combined with the obscure motives of the

man who would be called Cicero, had presented us with evidence which made it perfectly clear that Nazi Germany and its leaders were heading for absolute destruction. Here, in these shiny pieces of paper, lay the writing on the wall. As I sat, hunched over my desk for hour after hour of that sleepless night, I saw the facts and the figures. This was not propaganda. The grim future that lay ahead of us was there for all to see. The power of the Allies was so enormous that more than miracles would be needed if Germany was to win the war.

Dawn had long broken over the solemn Anatolian plain, and still, behind my heavily curtained windows, I sat hunched over the documents. I remember wondering whether the leaders of Germany, far away in Berlin or at the Fuhrer's Headquarters, would grasp the full significance of what was here revealed. If they did then there was obviously only one course left open to them.

But I was wrong. When those people finally decided that the documents were genuine, when it was finally proved to them conclusively that it was not a trap, they refused to see what was there so plainly shown. Our bosses used Cicero's material as a subject about which to quarrel among themselves. All they cared for was to claim the credit for what the wretched valet had done.

Otherwise Berlin remained satisfied until the end with the cheap triumph of having stolen British secret documents. Strategically, and this was strategic material, they were never used. The only practical use to which they were put was by the cipher specialists. The leaders of the Reich made no attempt to apply their extraordinary knowledge of the enemy's

capabilities and intentions. It is galling to think that all the hard work we did, and the enormous strain through which we went, was ultimately quite pointless.

All that lay far in the future, as, poring over the material on my desk, my head sank slowly on to my arms. When I awoke with a start I actually knocked some of the photographs on to the floor. It was my secretary, banging on the door, who had awakened me. Being the perfect secretary and well trained in the diplomatic service, she expressed no astonishment at finding her chief locked in his office at nine in the morning.

A few hours later I was sitting in the Ambassador's little ante-room, on a sofa. I was very tired and unshaven. It was now the first cool morning of autumn, and I remember shivering with a combination of cold and exhaustion.

Fräulein Rose, the Ambassador's secretary – she had been with him long before the third Reich, when he was the Chancellor, and even, I think, before that – was moving to and fro between the ante-room and the Ambassador's office. While awaiting his arrival she was laying out the morning's papers and mail in her usual methodical manner.

Fräulein Rose did not approve of early morning callers, since she preferred to have the mail dealt with first. She obviously disapproved, too, of my somewhat dishevelled appearance and my twenty-four hour growth of beard. She did not actually say anything, but it was clear from her glance that she felt it to be all wrong to come to His Excellency's office in such a state.

In order principally to have something to do, I

began to thumb through the fifty-two photographs in my folder. I held them in such a way that she could only see their backs. Her curiosity, though, was aroused.

'This must be important business for you to bother the chief so early in the morning. What have you got in that folder of yours?'

'Nothing for your chaste eyes, Rosie. Just some nudes – the bare facts one might say.'

'Now you're being coarse. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

I was no longer listening to what she said. From sheer boredom I had begun to count the photographs.

'... 47 ... 48 ... 49 ... 50 ... 51.'

Surely it must have been due to Rose's chatter that I had miscounted them! I started all over again.

'... 49 ... 50 ... 51.'

This was impossible. Only a few minutes earlier, in my office, I had made sure that all fifty-two were there. As calmly as I could I counted them again. There were still only fifty-one.

'Fräulein Rose, would you mind helping me for a moment?'

She walked over to where I sat and looked at the pile of photographs, lying face down beside me.

'Would you count them please, but don't turn them over.'

She did so, while I stood and watched her. I was beginning to feel very frightened.

'Fifty-one,' said Fräulein Rose.

It was appalling. Where could the other one be? Had I lost it? If so, it must have happened between my office and the Ambassador's.

I grabbed the folder of photographs, put it under

my arm, tore open the door, and ran downstairs. At the front door I almost crashed into the Ambassador, who was coming in. I did not stop or say a word. As I jumped past him, down the last three steps, I had a fleeting impression of Herr von Papen's expression. He was looking at me as though he thought I had gone mad.

In the garden I examined every inch of the path I had taken. Nothing. I hurried into my office. My secretary was sitting calmly at her desk.

'Did I leave anything here? A photograph for instance?'

'I haven't seen anything.'

I searched through all my drawers, crept under the desk, lifted the carpet. Nothing.

This, I thought, is the end.

'What did you say?' asked Schnürchen.

I must have been groaning aloud. Trembling all over I hurried out of my office again. No one could possibly have stolen it. I must have dropped it, on my way from my room to the Ambassador's ante-room. Suppose somebody had already picked it up! God help us all if it got into the wrong hands. There was nothing for it, I would have to tell the Ambassador at once.

That was my obvious duty. Yet, suddenly, I was tempted by another idea. There was nothing to stop me from making a fresh print of the missing photograph and slipping it in with the others. The temptation was soon dismissed, and with a heavy heart I made my way slowly towards the Ambassador's office.

Just before reaching the main gate I glanced around once more. There was nothing lying on or

near the path, nothing at all . . . but there . . . over there by the main gate. . . . I broke into a run.

It was the missing photograph all right, lying face down, showing nothing but its innocent white back. A few steps away stood the Turkish porter. From where he stood he could not see it, since it was concealed from him by the half-open iron gate.

Quite a few people must have passed that spot during the last twenty minutes. And only a few yards away was the great Boulevard Atatürk with its constant stream of pedestrians. A little gust of wind, and our secret would have been revealed to the world.

I picked it up, trying to look as unconcerned as possible, for the porter was watching me. With a nonchalance that was perhaps a little overdone I put the photograph in my pocket. One had to keep up appearances.

Back in my room I sank heavily into my armchair.

'Give me a glass of water, please, Schnürchen.'

As I sipped it I slowly recovered from the shock. I counted them all over again. This time there were fifty-two. Then I set off once more to see the Ambassador.

He received me with a smile. Evidently Fräulein Rose had told him all about the queer behaviour of his attaché.

'What on earth's the matter with you this morning, Moyzisch, running about like a lunatic? You nearly knocked me over.'

'I'm very sorry, sir, but I suddenly remembered I'd forgotten something.'

In his usual tactful way he did not ask me what it was that I had forgotten, which was a relief.

'I see. Now, what about this valet of yours? Did

you get rid of the twenty thousand pounds? From what Fräulein Rose tells me I gather you received a fine selection of bathing beauties in exchange?’

The Ambassador was in a good mood this morning.

‘I think, sir, you’ll find my bathing beauties as exciting as I did. I didn’t get to bed at all. The man brought two rolls of film. They contained fifty-two photographs which I developed and enlarged. In my opinion the price is negligible in comparison to the importance of the material. But here they are, sir.’

I handed him the folder. He took it and put on his spectacles

‘Fantastic,’ he murmured, almost at the first glance. As he turned over the glossy photos one by one I could see that he was growing more and more excited. As for me, I had a hard time to stop myself from falling asleep.

‘Good heavens! Did you see this one?’

The Ambassador’s voice jerked me awake just as my eyes were about to close. He handed me one of the documents that gave precise details concerning the gradual infiltration of R.A.F. personnel into Turkey. The figures were very considerable, far larger than anything we had suspected.

‘This doesn’t look too good,’ said Herr von Papen. ‘Berlin won’t like this one.’

The Ambassador then read a series of signals I had arranged in order early that morning. It was a breakdown of Lend-Lease equipment recently supplied to the Soviets. The volume was fantastic. This would certainly cause considerable consternation at the Führer’s Headquarters.

Another document was a most important signal, intended for the British Ambassador’s eyes only, and

describing the actual state of the relationships between London, Washington and Moscow. The Russians were insisting on an immediate Second Front, making it quite clear that they did not regard the Italian campaign as a sufficient contribution to Allied strategy. Moscow seemed to be not only impatient, but suspicious about the true intentions of her allies. That little item would suit Ribbentrop's purposes very well, convinced as he was of the ultimate collapse of what he had once called 'the unholy alliance'.

Von Papen kept on reading. From time to time he would shake his head or, speaking more to himself than to me, would mutter:

'Fantastic . . . unbelievable . . .!'

Having made his first superficial study of the papers, he leaned back in his armchair. He seemed deep in thought and made no immediate comment on what he had read.

'Well, sir, what do you think?' I ventured to ask.

'If these documents are genuine, and I have no reason to doubt that they are, their value is inestimable. But we must still bear in mind the possibility of it all being an extremely clever trap. It's a great mistake ever to underestimate the British. The man's next delivery should help us to make up our minds on that point. Incidentally, when are you seeing him again?'

'Tonight at ten o'clock.'

'The man must be working overtime. Let's hope he's not being rash. Where are you meeting him?'

'By the tool shed in the garden. He gets through the fence there and then I take him to my office.'

'Who knows about this so far?'

'No one, sir, except you, Herr and Frau Jenke and myself.'

'Your secretary?'

'No.'

'Is she reliable?'

'Absolutely, sir.'

He reached for the folder again and thumbed through the photographs. After a pause he said:

'I'm certainly going to tighten up our own security regulations, and make everyone on the staff conscious of them. If the British can get into this sort of mess, so can we. And . . .'

He fell silent. Then, after a while, he added:

'Well, I'll have to inform the Foreign Minister about this. Meanwhile I'll keep the documents here. There are fifty-two of them you say?'

Did I see a slight twinkle in his eye? Yet I felt a shiver at the sudden reminder that not so long ago there had only been fifty-one.

'Yes, sir, fifty-two.'

The Ambassador was now having a look at the original rolls of films. Since neither he nor I were photographic experts, this inspection did not tell us anything.

'The child must be christened,' the Ambassador said, thoughtfully. 'For purposes of correspondence we'll have to give him a code name. What shall we call the valet, have you thought of a name?'

'I hadn't, sir. But what about Pierre? That's what he calls himself on the telephone. I'm sure it's not his real name.'

'No good, my boy. Very unimaginative. We've got to give him a code name that even he doesn't know. How about this: since his documents are so very, very eloquent, let's call him Cicero.'

Thus was the British Ambassador's valet, aged

about fifty, re-christened by the German Ambassador in my presence. He received the great Roman's name: for all I know he may have shared his fate. While I certainly would not say that I was particularly fond of Cicero, I never wished him any harm. I honestly tried to keep his secret, so long as that was possible. At any rate the fact that he supplied the Third Reich with the most secret of British documents will be remembered in history, and whatever his real name was, he will always be known to posterity as Cicero.

Technically speaking, this feat of a mere servant who had no pretensions to being an expert photographer was a superb job. His only equipment was an ordinary Leica camera, which he handled with supreme skill. In the course of his story no shot was fired, no poison administered, no human life endangered by Cicero save, of course, his own: no one was bribed, blackmailed or otherwise victimised by him, as was the case in most other great spy stories of the two world wars. Looked at dispassionately, one might say that Operation Cicero was technically almost a perfect job. Politically, in the final analysis, the British lost little through it, mainly due to the inability of the German leaders to do anything with the vital knowledge about the enemy that was presented to them.

The effects of Operation Cicero on the German leaders, both political and military, was not uninteresting. Nor, in its results, was this the least exciting part of the business, as subsequent events will show.

CHAPTER FOUR



AFTER a few hours' sleep I awoke entirely rested and ready to get back to work. I spent the late afternoon making my preparations for the coming night. I had bought a book, entitled *A Practical Guide to Amateur Photography*, and I mixed the developing and fixing solution according to its instructions.

Then I had another talk with the Ambassador, at which Jenke was also present. Herr von Papen had devoted the greater part of his day, both before and after luncheon, to a close study of the documents. He was now entirely satisfied that they were genuine. A signal had been despatched to the Ministry, informing Ribbentrop of all the relevant political contents. Those of purely military interest had been handed over to the German Military Attaché at Ankara for further examination before being sent to the Supreme Command.

The three of us – the Ambassador, Herr Jenke and I – discussed certain points of technical interest that occurred to us.

How, in the first place, could a valet obtain access to such secret documents?

Did he have an assistant? Was anyone else at the British Embassy in the know?

How exactly did he photograph the documents?

Did he himself select the ones worth reproducing? If so, how was it that some of the documents we had

so far received were of extreme importance while others were relatively trivial?

Did he do the actual photographing inside or outside the British Embassy?

What, if any, were the man's motives, apart from his obvious desire for money? Why did he hate the British as much as he himself had claimed? And how did he happen to enjoy the Ambassador's confidence, as, being his valet, he obviously must?

Why did he insist on being paid in sterling, a currency relatively rare in Turkey and certainly far less popular than gold or dollars? When he decided to go in for this dangerous work, would it not be logical to assume that he was hoping for, or even expecting, a British defeat? In the nature of things this would involve a depreciation of British currency. Why then did he insist on sterling?

All these questions I noted down for future discussions with Cicero. In the course of time he answered most of them, generally quite plausibly. On only one point did I catch him out in a lie. It was when I asked him why, in talking to me, he always chose the French language, which he spoke very poorly indeed, when as the British Ambassador's valet he must speak fluent English. He denied that he could speak English. I found this odd and scarcely credible. My suspicions proved to be correct. Cicero was lying to me about this.

At exactly ten I went to the tool shed in the garden. Pierre, or Cicero, was already there. He greeted me like an old friend, asking if everything was all right and if the previous night's delivery had met with our approval. I could certainly reassure him on that point, and I did.

When we got to my office I locked the door. Cicero repeated the precautions he had gone through at Jenke's house, pushing the long curtains aside to make sure that there were no potential eavesdroppers. I let him do so without comment. He seemed to be in no hurry. I sat down at my desk. There was a chair for him opposite, which he finally took. There were cigarettes, and a decanter of whisky stood on a side table. Earlier that afternoon my Turkish cook had visited one of her friends at the British Embassy. The deal had been arranged at the usual rate of exchange: one bottle of Scotch for three of Hock.

Cicero poured himself out a drink and then, without a word, placed two rolls of film on my desk. I took them and locked them in my drawer. I now had to explain to him that I had no more sterling at the moment, but that some was expected from Berlin in the very near future. I was a little anxious as to how he would take this, but he interrupted me after a few words:

'Ça ne fait rien. You can give me the thirty thousand for these two rolls next time. I'll be back, you see. And I know that it'll be in your own interests to keep me happy. Besides, I trust you.'

It was gratifying to find that my word was worth thirty thousand pounds. Though, looking back on it, I have little doubt that he had more confidence in the quality of the goods he was selling than in the promises of an unknown attaché.

I drank his health and he returned the compliment with perfect grace.

'I was quite astounded last night by the technical quality of your work,' I said, assuming a light conversational manner. 'Do you do it alone, or have you

an assistant? In either case you are obviously an expert photographer.'

'I've been interested in photography for years. I have no one to help me. I do everything myself.'

'Where do you do it? In the Embassy, or somewhere else?'

'In the Embassy, naturally. . . .'

'But how exactly do you take the photographs? And when? I'm most interested.'

'Isn't it enough if I deliver the goods?' he asked, suddenly becoming rather sulky. 'Maybe I'll tell you about how I work some other time, but not now!'

There was clearly nothing more to be got out of him at the moment. When he was about to leave he asked me to get him a new camera.

'I've been working with a German Leica,' he said. 'I borrowed it from a friend. I'll have to return it fairly soon. Get me another one. Just the normal sort. You'd better have it sent from Berlin. Someone might have a record of the numbers of the cameras for sale here in Ankara.'

He seemed to think of everything. But what he had told me was not satisfactory so far as the precise technicalities of his work were concerned. Still for the time being I had no choice but to believe him when he said he did it all alone and that no one else knew anything about it.

It was nearly midnight by the time he left.

'When shall I see you again?' I asked.

'I'll ring you up when I have some new stuff, but I shan't come to your office any more. It's too risky. We'll meet in the old part of the town in some dark street or other. You've got a car, I suppose?'

I nodded.

'We'd better arrange a meeting place tonight. Somewhere where you won't have to stop. Just drive along very slowly, with your lights dimmed. As you reach the place, open the door of the car and I'll jump in. If there's anyone in sight ignore me, drive round the block and pick me up when the coast is clear. You'd better drive me to town now and we will fix on a place.'

'There is just one other thing,' he said, as I was about to fetch my car. 'Just in case your 'phone should be tapped - one never knows nowadays - I'll always name a time twenty-four hours later than the time I really mean. If I say I'm expecting you for bridge at such and such a time on the eighth it'll mean that I'll be waiting for you at that time on the seventh. I'd feel safer that way.'

The man really seemed to think of everything.

I went for my car while he waited in my office. It happened that my own old Mercedes was being repaired, and this was not my car but one I had borrowed from a friend. It was a big, new Opel, streamlined and in appearance very much like the numerous American cars used by the Diplomatic Corps. A few days later I bought this car, because it seemed particularly suitable for our purposes. By day I continued to drive the old Mercedes, which everyone in Ankara knew to be mine.

When I brought the Opel round that night he got into the back seat and carefully drew the side-curtains. Then, after directing me through the dark streets of the old part of the city, he told me to stop at a point where there was a plot of waste land between two houses.

'This,' he said, 'will be our meeting place for the time being.'

I took care to memorise the spot. It was near a crossroads and quite unmistakable. He had picked the place with considerable shrewdness.

'Now would you please drive me to the British Embassy?'

'What?' I asked.

'The British Embassy at Cankaya.'

I thought I must have misunderstood him.

'Surely you don't want me to take you to the British Embassy, of all places?'

'Why not? That's where I live.'

Some nerve, I thought to myself, but I said nothing and drove on. The car was in fine shape and pulled up the steep hill towards the new area, where the majority of the Embassies were, with great ease.

I could see, quite clearly silhouetted against the dark sky, the two big buildings of the British Embassy. There was just one short, straight stretch, then a sharp bend, and in a few seconds I would find myself opposite their main gate.

It suddenly crossed my mind that this might be a trap, but before I reached the corner I heard his voice behind me:

'Go slowly now but don't stop.'

I took my foot off the accelerator. We were now rounding the corner and I had to watch the road. I heard a soft click. The back door had been closed almost noiselessly. I looked around. There was no sign of Cicero.

A few minutes later I pulled up at the gate of the German Embassy. Everybody seemed to be asleep. The building was quite dark except for the Jenkes'

flat, where there were still lights. I knew that they were giving a small party. This suited me, for the Turkish porter who had opened the gate would obviously assume that I was one of their guests."

I made my way downstairs to the dark-room with the two rolls of film in my hand.

My *Practical Guide to Amateur Photography* proved very helpful. After an hour's work I had the two strips of film neatly pegged between an electric heater and a ventilator.

Again the photographs were technically perfect. Excited and curious, I took the magnifying glass and, holding the still wet film against the light, tried to get a glimpse of the night's secrets. I could see very little. I would have to wait until they were dry. So I locked the room and went out into the dark garden.

There were still lights burning at the Jenkes', though it was getting on for two o'clock. I went in and asked for some strong coffee. They were playing poker at two tables. Jenke wanted to know my news and led me into a quiet corner of the drawing room.

I told him that Cicero had been to see me again and that two new films were pegged up to dry in the dark-room.

He wanted to know what the new material dealt with, but all I could tell was that once again it was marked MOST SECRET. He would have to wait until the morning to learn any more.

As the Japanese Ambassador was leaving, and the table at which he had been playing was reluctant to break up, I took his place for a few hands. I could not concentrate on the game. My thoughts were on the new secrets awaiting me in the dark-room. In comparison with that gamble, I could not worry about

whether my opponent had a busted flush or four of a kind.

At close on three the party broke up. This was just the right time for me to be getting back to work. I said goodbye to the other guests. No one noticed that I did not leave the Embassy grounds.

Back in the dark-room I found the two films well dried, and I settled down at once to the job of enlarging. At about six o'clock I had forty new enlargements of secret British documents on my desk. By about eight I was superficially acquainted with their contents.

I locked them in my safe and left the Embassy through the back door leading to the garden. After this second night out of bed I enjoyed the walk in the brisk morning air.

When I arrived home my wife, who had just got up, gave me a puzzled look. It was not too difficult to guess her thoughts.

'Work, my dear, nothing but work. I've been at the Embassy all night, working all the time, apart from a few hands of poker at the Jenkes'. Are you satisfied?'

I think she was.

As for me, all I wanted was sleep. I left instructions to be called at eleven o'clock. I felt completely refreshed after two and a half hours' sleep.

Just before twelve I entered the Ambassador's office. In my briefcase were the forty documents. Among them were the first minutes of the Moscow Conference that Eden and Cordell Hull had attended. The matters discussed at that conference were so confidential that Winston Churchill would only reveal them to the House of Commons in secret session.

During the next two weeks much of my daily work

consisted in drafting and encoding signals for the Ambassador to forward to Berlin. I was soon in a state of permanent exhaustion since, for reasons of security, I myself had to handle all the work connected with Operation Cicero that would normally have been done by the Embassy clerks.

Berlin added considerably to my troubles by sending me long lists of questions about Cicero to which they wanted full and immediate answers. The majority could only have been answered by a clairvoyant – which, I, unfortunately, was not.

Above all they kept asking, over and over again, for precise information about Cicero's real name, his usual whereabouts and his antecedents. Not that these things were of the slightest importance. The value of the material he delivered was surely all that counted. What Cicero's or Pierre's actual name was seemed, and still seems, utterly unimportant to me.

Parts of these interminable questionnaires were, of course, quite logical and absolutely justified, and I answered every one of them as best I could. In Berlin they took that for granted, and kept pestering me with more that I could not possibly answer. One difficulty was that I could not even get in touch with Cicero to put the questions to him. I had to wait until he telephoned me again, and that he would not do until he had resumed his photographic activities with some success.

From Berlin they reproached me for not having made some arrangement by which I could establish contact with Cicero. Suppose he never reported again, they asked, what would we do then?

The simple answer, of course, was that in that case Operation Cicero would be over. It was quite obvious

that so long as Cicero saw a chance of getting money out of us he would do his best to get it. He would go on working for us just as long as he could manage to have access to British secret documents. If at any time, however, and for any one of several possible reasons, he should no longer be able to get at them, then that invaluable source would dry up and neither my best efforts nor all the wealth of the Third Reich could do anything about it.

Such reasoning seemed logical enough to me, and I was not conscious of having made any mistakes so far. In Berlin they saw things differently.

It was particularly Kaltenbrunner, newly appointed chief of the *Nachrichtendienst*, which was that part of the German Secret Service not controlled by the Foreign Ministry, who began to take an unpleasantly personal interest in Operation Cicero. Day after day we were inundated with signals from various members of his large staff. By now, I felt quite sure, a dozen offices in Berlin must have had whole filing systems dealing with Cicero. Doubtless scores of more or less garrulous persons were in the know, most of them quite needlessly.

Finally one day, when I was particularly busy, I received yet another signal from Berlin asking me reproachfully why I had not yet found out Cicero's real name, age and place of birth. In a burst of irritation I replied:

UNABLE SO FAR ASCERTAIN REAL NAME. COULD ONLY ESTABLISH IDENTITY ETCETERA FOR CERTAIN BY DIRECT ENQUIRIES AT BRITISH EMBASSY. IF THIS DESIRED PLEASE SEND WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS THAT EFFECT.

From then on I was spared further enquiries about Cicero's real name.

Cicero was not my only headache at that time. During the first days of November an event occurred, which even today seems remarkable and not without significance. We were advised that a Russian diplomat was due to arrive in Ankara, via Washington and Stockholm, a curiously round-about route. There was reason to believe that this Russian had been instructed by his Government to feel out the possibilities of a Russo-German understanding. I was told to find some discreet way of getting in touch with him as soon as he reached Ankara.

This was perhaps the most ticklish assignment that could possibly be given to any German diplomat in Turkey at that time. There could be no doubt at all that the mere ghost of a rumour about a Russo-German understanding being initiated on Turkish soil would be a bombshell whose repercussions were quite unforeseeable. To change the metaphor, it would not be the first, but it would certainly be the last bit of china smashed by the bulls of Berlin foreign policy in our most precarious china shop. In fact it would smash up everything that was left in the shop.

As it happened, the mysterious Russian never did arrive in Ankara. Whether he was never meant to come, or whether the Soviets had second thoughts about it, I cannot tell. It is certain that at this time, what with Stalin's insistence on a Second Front which, as Churchill tried to make clear to him, was not yet feasible, the relations between the Allies East and West were more than chilly. We knew all about that, of course, thanks to Cicero.

So far as my specific assignment of contacting the potential Russian diplomat, and possibly ending the war, went, what struck me most forcibly was one condition attached to my instructions. Before doing anything I was first to find out whether the Russian emissary was or was not a Jew.

It seems fantastic even now. It is certainly of no small historic interest that such a consideration in certain circumstances might – and at times probably did – have a decisive influence on the fate of Europe.

On November the 4th a special courier arrived from Berlin. After I had signed his receipt, he handed me a small suitcase. When I opened it I found it filled with English bank notes, amounting to £200,000, all earmarked for Cicero.

On the next day, the 5th, I happened to be out of my office when I was wanted on the telephone. My secretary took the message, and later told me that a gentleman, by the name of Pierre, had invited me to play bridge at nine o'clock on the 6th of November.

That meant that same night, I thought, remembering the stipulated difference of twenty-four hours. After dinner I got out the big Opel I had borrowed. When I came to start it I found there was something wrong with the carburettor. I worked feverishly to get the car going. It was a complicated job, and at one time I was afraid I would not be able to keep the appointment. In that case would Cicero ever ring again?

I was in a sweat when at last, a few minutes before nine, the engine began to tick over. With my face and hands still grimy I set off as fast as I dared. On the seat beside me lay a paper parcel containing the thirty thousand pounds I owed Cicero for the last

two films. I was a few minutes late when I turned into the dark street where I was to meet him.

About a hundred yards ahead I saw the sudden flicker of a torch. It was repeated twice. This could only be Cicero, and it struck me as a careless thing to do, this melodramatic and quite unnecessary signal. It was unlike Cicero to indulge in such childish histrionics. But then he was an unpredictable fellow.

I was driving very slowly by now. As I opened the back door I could distinctly make him out in the light of the dimmed headlamps. He jumped into the slowly moving car, as agile as a cat. I could see him in the windscreen mirror.

'Go towards the new part of the town. I get out soon.'

I trod too hard on the accelerator, and the powerful car – I was not quite used to it yet – jumped forward. I went through streets and alleyways I had never seen before. A glance satisfied me that we were not being followed. Cicero gave me directions:

'Left now . . . straight on . . . right . . .'

I did as I was told. Then I heard him say:

'Have you got my thirty thousand pounds?'

'Yes.'

'I've brought you another film. You'll like this one.'

He passed forward a reel wrapped in newspaper. I put it in my pocket and handed him, over my shoulder, the parcel containing the money. In the little mirror I noticed how, holding it in his hand, he hesitated a moment or so, probably wondering whether or not to count it. Finally he simply stuffed it under his overcoat. There was an expression of triumph on his face.

I now turned into the Ulusnaydam, the principal square of Ankara. The lighting in Ankara, at least at that time, was very irregular. While the back streets, particularly in the old quarter, were in almost pitch darkness, the main streets of the new town were as well lit as Piccadilly or the Friedrichstrasse in peacetime. Suddenly the inside of the car was filled with the bright light from the glaring street lamps. Cicero did his best to bury himself in the corner of the back seat, the collar of his dark overcoat turned up and his broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes. In my preoccupation with the carburettor I had forgotten to pull the side curtains.

'For God's sake get out of this,' he whispered nervously.

I accelerated for a hundred yards or so and then turned down a dark alley. Behind me I could hear him sigh with relief. I drove slowly round a large block twice. I wanted to get him to talk.

'I have to ask you a few questions. Berlin wants to know your name and nationality.'

There was a moment's silence as the car glided noiselessly down the dark and narrow street.

'My name is none of your business, or Berlin's either. I certainly won't tell it to you. If you've really got to know, you'll have to find it out for yourself, but you'd better be careful how you do it. One thing, though, you can tell Berlin, I'm no Turk: I'm an Albanian.'

'You said once that you hated the British. Can you tell me why? Do they treat you badly? Or is there some other reason?'

He didn't answer for a long time. I drove round the block again. I imagine the question upset him,

for when he finally replied his voice was strained. In the darkness I could not see the expression on his face.

'My father was shot by an Englishman.'

Even after all these years I can still hear the way he said that. I remember that I was deeply moved at that moment. Perhaps there was a motive more noble than mere greed for money. For the first time, and for a few minutes only, I felt a fleeting sympathy for the man behind me. He had now relapsed into complete silence.

I did not put any further questions to him that evening. Nor did he seem inclined to talk. Lost in thought, I had unwittingly turned back into Ankara's main street. Gay and busy by day, at night it was almost completely deserted. But the lights were still as bright as ever.

Cicero said, coldly:

'Take the first turning to the right and the second to the left.'

I did as I was told. Suddenly I felt a touch on my shoulder.

'Slow down now, please . . . *Au revoir*.'

A few moments later I heard a slight click. He had shut the door softly from the outside. I made my way back quickly to the Embassy.

By about two in the morning I had finished my night's work. This time there were only some twenty enlargements of TOP SECRET British documents. Yet some of them, a few hours later, were to cause the German Ambassador considerable astonishment.

I went home and slept until ten.

When I entered von Papen's office, shortly after eleven, and handed him the photographs along with

my report on what Cicero had told me the night before, he gave me a signal from Berlin to read. It was signed by von Steengracht, the Under-Secretary at the Foreign Ministry. The minister wished to see me in Berlin. I was to bring along all the Cicero material, both the original films and the enlargements. A seat had been reserved for me in the courier plane that left Istanbul on the morning of November the 8th.

This meant that I would have to leave Ankara by the night train on the 7th, the next day.

Dusk was falling when I climbed into the Ankara Express. German service regulations required diplomats travelling with official documents to take a first-class sleeper, but I had not been able to reserve one. On that much travelled route the few first-class and single berth sleeping cars were invariably booked up days ahead. I therefore had to take a second-class ticket, which meant that I would have to share my compartment with someone else.

My travelling companion turned out to be a man of about forty. He was already seated in the little compartment when I entered it. I nodded politely and he did the same. In wartime Ankara it was customary for strangers at chance meetings not to speak to each other. After all the other man might be the enemy. If one should find oneself in such an embarrassing situation, it was obviously better not to be aware of it.

My companion and I had settled into our respective corners. I was reading, he gazed out at the wide, open plain on which darkness was falling. I went to

the dining car, my black briefcase with its precious contents held tightly beneath my arm. When I came back he was talking to the sleeping car attendant. He was speaking in English.

It was unpleasant, to say the least, to realise that I would have to share my compartment with an Englishman, particularly in view of what I had with me. I walked the whole length of the train in the vague hope of finding some acquaintance whom I could persuade to change berths with me. I saw no one I knew.

I passed a bad night. I did not dare to go to sleep. My restlessness apparently was affecting the man who lay a couple of feet beneath me, and who, presumably, was either a British officer or an official of some sort. Once at about half past two, he switched on the light and evidently tried to see in the mirror of the wash-basin whether I was asleep. I realised that he, in his turn, was worried by my presence. I wondered what sort of documents, if any, he was carrying.

As we neared Istanbul he got up to wash. Suddenly he began to swear softly to himself in English. I looked down and saw that he had forgotten his shaving kit. I hesitated for a moment, not quite sure what I should do. He appeared to be an Englishman, but after all I had no way of telling for certain, since we had not introduced ourselves. I handed him the little leather case in which I carried my razors and soap.

‘Help yourself.’

He looked me full in the face. Then he laughed, a most attractive laugh. I remember noticing that he had excellent teeth.

'Thank you. It's very kind of you indeed.'

A link had been forged between man and man, perhaps between enemies. It crossed my mind that I might be doing wrong, but I had no sense of guilt. Germany would not lose the war through the loan of a razor.

When he left the compartment, at Haydarpass, he simply said:

'Have a good time.'

I could not help wondering if he would have said that had he known what was in the brief-case under my pillow.

At Istanbul I drove straight out to the airport. The Junkers 52, that most reliable of aircraft, was ready to take off. They had, in fact, been waiting for me.

We were soon flying over the Sea of Marmora, unbelievably blue in the early morning sunlight. Istanbul lay beneath us in all its glorious beauty, a sight that has never ceased to fascinate me. Even so I soon dropped off to sleep. I had to make up for the previous night.

When we refuelled at Sofia my name was called out over the loudspeaker system and I duly reported to the Information Desk. A tall young man in a grey military overcoat wanted to see my passport.

'I have instructions from SS General Kaltenbrunner to inform you that a special plane is waiting to take you straight to Berlin. Please give me your ticket. I'll see to your luggage.'

I wondered what was the sudden urgency to see the Cicero documents. It hardly seemed worth sending a special plane from Berlin in order to get me there a few hours earlier. On the other hand it might

be just a precautionary measure, to make sure that nothing happened to what I was carrying.

In any event, I was now out of the pleasant civilian atmosphere of Ankara, and back in the less congenial one of the *Wehrmacht* and the *Luftwaffe*. Just how uncongenial that was, the next few days would prove.

CHAPTER FIVE



I WAS greeted by an icy wind when I landed at Berlin Airport a few hours later. There was some snow on the ground. It was a change from the blue skies of Ankara.

There was a car waiting for me at the airport. Even before I got into it I was told that Kaltenbrunner wished to see the Cicero documents immediately, before I showed them to Ribbentrop. Now I understood why he had sent the special plane to Sofia.

I still did not grasp what was behind all this. I was soon to learn. It was the beginning of a fierce struggle between the Foreign Minister and the Chief of the Secret Service. It was a personal feud, Kaltenbrunner *versus* Ribbentrop, and before long it assumed a violent nature. I just happened to be the harassed dwarf, caught in the clash between the two fighting giants.

I entered the imposing building at 101 Wilhelmstrasse, which has now long been a heap of rubble. There were sentries, corridors, further sentries on the staircase, then the ante-room and hustling secretaries. Finally the door opened. Two men in uniform came out and asked me briskly:

‘Have you got the documents?’

‘Yes.’

‘Come this way, please.’

I entered a huge room, with an enormous desk in the middle. Behind it sat Kaltenbrunner, the newly

appointed Chief of the German Secret Service. His face was much marked by duelling scars. His voice was deep and sonorous, and suited the man's bulky and powerful physique.

He wasted no time in getting to the point. The documents so far acquired from the British Embassy at Ankara were immediately laid out on his huge desk. There were four other men in the room. I was not introduced to them.

'These documents,' said Kaltenbrunner, 'might prove to be of extreme importance if they are genuine. These gentlemen here are experts who will examine them from a technical point of view. As for you' – and he turned to me again – 'you are to tell us everything you know about Operation Cicero up to date. We have prepared a list of specific questions. Consider each one carefully before answering, and then answer as fully as you can. It's still possible the whole thing might be a very cunning enemy trap. Even the most minute detail might provide decisive evidence one way or the other.'

One of the men now plugged in the recording machine that stood ready on a side table. Every word of the subsequent conversation was to be recorded. Then the four experts began to ask their questions. After an hour or so I begged to be allowed a short rest. Then they began again and it went on for another hour and a half.

In the meantime the rolls of film had been taken to the laboratory, and the results of the thorough examination were brought to Kaltenbrunner.

The photographs were taken with a small stop of the lens to ensure perfect sharpness, through a very strong lens at a distance of about four feet.

Photo-floodlamps in portable reflectors had been used. Of the films used, four were of American and one of German origin. They were all slightly underexposed; this, however, had not effected the legibility of the enlargements. Every one of the exposures was perfectly focused. It would appear that the exposures had been made by an expert, but in a hurry. Taking into consideration what I had said, it seemed improbable though not impossible that one person could have taken the photographs unaided.

This was the point that worried Kaltenbrunner more than any other. If Cicero had not worked alone, the possibility of it all being a British plant was obviously much increased. Yet when Kaltenbrunner reached for one or other of the documents and considered once again the amazing importance of the information revealed, he seemed to have as little doubt as I had about their genuineness.

When there were no further questions to ask, because I had nothing further to tell, the four experts were dismissed. I was now alone with Kaltenbrunner.

'Take a seat.'

The atmosphere became less formal. I was now no longer being interviewed by the all-powerful chief of the Secret Service seated behind his imposing desk. We both sat in comfortable armchairs, and thus I felt considerably more at ease when Kaltenbrunner, in his sonorous voice, resumed the conversation.

'I had you picked up by special plane at Sofia mainly because I wanted to see you before Ribbentrop does. I don't know whether you are aware of the fact or not, but you might as well realise that Ribbentrop is no friend of yours. You're too much one of von Papen's men for his liking, and there's no need

for me to tell you how much Ribbentrop loathes von Papen. As Foreign Minister, he'll now try to claim all the credit for Operation Cicero. I don't intend to let him. Operation Cicero is exclusively a matter for my department. As for the exploitation of the material, both from a political and from a military point of view, we'll have to wait and see. It really depends on the future developments of the Operation. Ribbentrop is still firmly convinced that the British sent the valet to you and that the whole thing is a plant. I know Ribbentrop. You can be quite sure he'll stick to that theory out of sheer pig-headedness. At any rate it'll take him a long time to change his mind. Meanwhile intelligence of incredible importance is simply rotting in his desk and being wasted. We can't afford that. I intend to speak to the Führer personally about it, and I'll make it my business to arrange for Operation Cicero to be handled entirely by this department. So in future you'll take your instructions from me and from nobody else. You're not to accept any more money from the Foreign Ministry for paying Cicero. Incidentally, the £200,000 you got the other day came from me. It arrived safely, I suppose?'

I told him that it had. I then made it quite clear that it was essential for me to be absolutely certain whom I should, and whom I should not, take my orders from. Otherwise the resultant strain and confusion were likely to endanger the whole business.

'Operation Cicero means a great deal of work for me,' I added, 'particularly since, for reasons of security, I have to deal with all the clerical work myself. The strain is also considerable. If you want me to go on with the job, do please see to it that I'm not

worried any more by this constant stream of enquiries and instructions from various departments. I just can't cope with all the extra work involved.'

Kaltenbrunner reassured me on this and repeated that he would get the Führer to settle the matter of administrative control once and for all.

Then he began again questioning me about Cicero's character.

'You know the man,' he said. 'Do you really believe he's being honest with us?'

I shrugged my shoulders. Kaltenbrunner went on talking, I think more to himself than to me:

'I realise he's risking his life – that is, of course, unless he's working for the British after all. On the other hand the contents of the stuff he's given us so far argue against that theory. I've read all your reports with great care. His story seems plausible, almost too plausible for my liking. I can't help feeling suspicious. In my position I have to be. Tell me again the impression he made on you. I'd like to have a clearer idea of his character, his personality.'

'I think he's an adventurer. He's vain, ambitious and sufficiently intelligent to have raised himself out of the class into which he was born. He doesn't belong to that class any more, but then he doesn't belong to the class above him either, which he both loathes and admires. He may even be aware of that conflict in his emotions. He's lost all his roots. People like that are always dangerous. That is my opinion of what Cicero is.'

'Admitting all that,' said Kaltenbrunner, 'couldn't he still be working for the British?'

'Possibly. You're aware, of course, that I'm prejudiced on that particular point. I have no doubt

whatever that if he is, one day he'll give himself away. So far I haven't seen the slightest indication that he's anything other than what he pretends to be. I'm entirely convinced the man is genuine. Particularly after the chance remark he made about his father being shot by an Englishman.'

'*What?* Cicero's father shot by an Englishman? Why on earth didn't you report that? It might be the key to the whole thing!'

'But I did. In my last report. It went by diplomatic pouch to the Foreign Ministry.'

Kaltenbrunner gave me a piercing, vicious look. Every muscle of his heavily scarred face was tense. I would not, at that moment, have fancied him as an enemy.

'When did that signal leave Ankara?'

He almost shouted the question.

'Day before yesterday.'

'Then Ribbentrop has deliberately kept it from me.' He spat out the words from between clenched teeth. He stubbed out his half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray with a violent gesture, and judging by the nasty glint in his eye he would have loved to put those strong hands around Ribbentrop's throat. He jumped to his feet. I was taken aback by this sudden loss of self-control.

'What about the death of Cicero's father? Tell me!'

I suspected that Kaltenbrunner's anger was partially turned against me. Since he had risen, I did likewise.

'The last time I saw Cicero, on November the 5th, I asked him why he hated the British. He had no reason to expect that question, and his answer struck me as entirely spontaneous. He said: "My father was

shot by an Englishman." It sounded to me as though he were telling the truth.'

'But this is very important. It puts him in an entirely different light. And Ribbentrop tried to cheat me of that piece of information!'

He banged on the table with his clenched fist. Then, becoming a little calmer, he turned to me again.

'Did you ask him exactly how his father was killed?'

'No. I was rather taken aback by his sudden outburst, and I thought it best not to insist. If he was telling the truth my silence would seem to him to be sympathy. I was afraid that any immediate show of curiosity might put him on his guard.'

'Try to find out all you can about his father's death. Don't skip any details. As for me, I'll certainly ask Herr von Ribbentrop what he means by not sending me your last report.'

Kaltenbrunner had walked over to the window. With his strong fingers he drummed a tattoo on the pane. He had completely regained control over himself.

'Incidentally, it may interest you to know that just before you came here I saw one of our diplomats who had known Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen when they were both in China before the war. He described him as an excellent diplomat, almost exaggeratedly conscientious, and a very charming person. He also told me that Sir Knatchbull is highly thought of at the British Foreign Office and that he is supposed to be one of their greatest experts on Middle-Eastern and Far-Eastern affairs. In my opinion, for the British to send such a highly qualified man to Ankara is proof of the importance that they attach to Turkey. You'd better tell this to von Papen. Tell him to

watch out, too. I imagine there must be quite a few Englishmen there who would give a great deal to have a look at the contents of the German Ambassador's safe.'

I did not tell Kaltenbrunner that everybody in Ankara was perfectly well aware of the importance of Sir Hughe's post. I thanked him and said that I would convey his message. He then went back to his desk and picked up the pile of photographs, which he handed me along with the rolls of film. I took them from him and began to count them immediately. I did not want to repeat my experience of having one missing.

Kaltenbrunner watched me with an expression of sardonic amusement. It evidently struck him as a strange notion on my part that one of my precious documents might have gone astray in this of all rooms. All the same he said nothing until I had finished.

'When Ribbentrop sends for you, tell him that you've already seen me. As for your future reports on Operation Cicero, you'll receive my personal instructions when you get back to Ankara. When are you leaving, by the way?'

'I've no idea. I suppose that depends on the Foreign Minister. It was he who summoned me to Berlin.'

Before I left the office I asked Kaltenbrunner to be so kind as to ring up Ribbentrop and to find out from him when he wished to see me. I felt that it would be far less unpleasant for me if Kaltenbrunner himself were to tell Ribbentrop that I had been to see him first. He did so, and I was told that the Foreign Minister would expect me at seven the following evening. So I had plenty of time.

I left my briefcase with its valuable contents in Kaltenbrunner's office. He locked it up in his big desk. I felt that it would be safer there than in my hotel.

'I hope, sir, that you don't have a valet,' I said, attempting a little joke.

Kaltenbrunner had no sense of humour.

'Your documents will be quite safe here,' he replied frigidly. My rather feeble witticism had provoked only a wrinkled brow and a piercing glance.

Then he saw me to the door.

'Good luck to you. You'll need it. And remember: your future reports, every word of them, are liable to be of the utmost importance to Germany.'

It was not in an exactly happy frame of mind that at long last I left that imposing building.

Next morning I was told by telephone that my briefcase would be brought to me at my hotel at a quarter to seven that evening.

I waited in the hall of the Kaiserhof Hotel, expecting a messenger. It was brought, however, by two very important-looking gentlemen.

'We come from SS General Kaltenbrunner. We are to accompany you to see the Foreign Minister, and we are to be present at your meeting with him.'

So that's it, I thought, but I said nothing.

Just before the stroke of seven Kaltenbrunner's bulldogs and I entered the Foreign Ministry in the Wilhelmstrasse. We were expected by Secretary of State von Steengracht and by Herr von Altenburg. We were led to a small office where they were waiting.

'Have you brought the Cicero documents with you?' asked Herr von Steengracht.

'In here,' I said, pointing at the bulky briefcase I held on my knees.

'Let me have a look at them, please.'

The one hundred and twelve top secret British documents changed hands. The Secretary of State looked at them one after the other and then passed them on to von Altenburg. As they glanced at them they both shook their heads, murmuring, just as von Pâpen had done:

'Fantastic . . . incredible . . . !'

Then they told me – as if I did not already know – that the Foreign Minister was inclined to think that Cicero had been planted on us by the British with a view to tricking us in some manner yet to be disclosed.

'At first sight,' said Herr von Steengracht, once again thumbing through the photographs, 'they undoubtedly appear genuine enough. Look at this one!'

He handed me the photograph of a document giving detailed information about the Casablanca Conference. It came out of Cicero's latest delivery.

'You know,' von Steengracht continued, 'we actually can confirm the accuracy of this one. We happen to be quite well informed about Casablanca. Frankly, I can't imagine the British putting such an important piece of information into our hands simply as a decoy. This looks like the real thing to me. And if this document is as genuine as it appears, I see no reason to doubt that your valet has access to his Ambassador's safe. But heaven only knows how he manages to do it. He must be a most remarkable fellow.'

'He's certainly no ordinary valet,' I said, 'nor indeed, an ordinary man. He knows what he wants, his determination is enormous, and, from what I've seen of him so far, he seems uncommonly intelligent and careful.'

'So you believe in him?' said Herr von Altenburg. 'I mean, you rule out the possibility of his having been planted on us by the British?'

'I do. But I can't prove it. Not yet, at any rate.'

Von Steengracht slowly put the photographs back into their folder.

'There's nothing else you can tell us, apart from what you've already reported?'

I shook my head.

Von Steengracht and von Altenburg got up, and, after a brief glance in the direction of my two companions, the former said:

'The Foreign Minister regrets he cannot see you himself today. The documents and the rolls of film will stay here. You are to remain available to be at the Minister's disposal. I suppose we can reach you at the Kaiserhof at any time?'

That was the end of the interview. It was quite clear why I had not seen Herr von Ribbentrop personally.

Walking along with me through the blacked-out Wilhelmstrasse, my two companions took me back to the nearby Kaiserhof. There I stayed, alone with my thoughts.

Two days later I received an urgent message summoning me at once to see Councillor Likus, at No 16, Behrenstrasse, which was an annexe of the Foreign Ministry. When I got there I was told that the Minister wished to see me immediately. During the short drive from Behrenstrasse to the Ministry proper Likus gave me some advice.

He said that Ribbentrop was in a foul temper and extremely annoyed about Kaltenbrunner's attitude. As for the Cicero documents, Ribbentrop had ex-

amined them personally. He was still convinced that the whole thing was a British trap. Recently, Likus went on, the Minister had become more suspicious than ever, on all subjects, which was a considerable nuisance to all his staff. I would be wise not to contradict him if I could possibly avoid it.

As a last piece of good advice old Likus, friendly and much harassed as he was, informed me that the Minister had never forgiven me for the Spellman incident.

The story of that incident dates back to two years previously. It is one of the many futile tales of 'might-have-been'. Shortly before the United States actually entered the 'shooting war', President Roosevelt had sent Archbishop Spellman (as he then was) on a special mission to the Allied and neutral countries. The Archbishop, of course, was not merely the supreme dignitary of the Catholic Church in the United States; he also enjoyed the President's personal confidence, and his mission, evidently blessed by the State Department, was one of the utmost political importance.

At that time a negotiated peace was still not entirely impossible. At least so we thought in Ankara, though von Papen was doubtless well aware that the Allies would never negotiate again with Hitler, and that a radical change would have to come about within the Third Reich before anything of the sort could even be started. Indeed, as he realised, this would mean the end of the Third Reich and the beginning of a new Germany, prepared voluntarily to surrender its ill-gotten conquests.

Von Papen was also well aware that the only thing that could be done at the moment was, with the

utmost tact and care, to attempt to establish some sort of unofficial contact.

Archbishop Spellman's visit to Ankara seemed to offer an excellent opportunity for this. Von Papen, a devout Catholic himself, knew the Archbishop personally. But in the circumstances it was clearly quite impossible for the German Ambassador to see President Roosevelt's Envoy himself. However, it so happened that a German of sufficient importance to start such strictly unofficial *pourparlers* was in Turkey at the time. He too was a Catholic, a very eminent lawyer and a scholar.

Since the Ambassador would not compromise himself, even unofficially, in so delicate a matter, it fell to me to take the necessary steps to arrange a secret meeting between the Archbishop and this German.

It might have been a chance for paving the way to an earlier end of the war, thus saving mankind incalculable bloodshed and suffering. Nothing came of it. To put it briefly, Ribbentrop got wind of what was going on and put a stop to it just as ruthlessly as he knew how. No meeting ever took place. I myself was kept on tenterhooks for a considerable time as to whether or not I was to be recalled to Germany to face a treason trial, and probably a firing-squad.

These unpleasant memories were revived for me now as I sat in the car, listening to old Likus' warnings about Ribbentrop's temper.

So he had not forgotten, I thought to myself. If, on top of all that, he intended to vent his spite against Kaltenbrunner on me, I was in for a pleasant little interview.

As we walked along the interminable corridors of

the Ministry, towards Ribbentrop's ante-room, Likus gave me one further piece of advice.

'Don't, for goodness' sake, mention von Papen's name if you can possibly help it. Ribbentrop loathes him. I've often seen him lose all control of himself when someone said a friendly word about von Papen.'

Thus prepared, I was shown into the presence. Likus, who at that time seemed to be one of the few who enjoyed the Minister's confidence, came too. They were old friends, if one can use that word in connection with Ribbentrop. At any rate they had been at school together.

I had not seen Ribbentrop for some years, and I found him very much aged. He got up as we came in, but he remained behind his desk, his arms folded in the manner of Napoleon, his cold blue eyes fixed on me. This was the man who was responsible for the making of German foreign policy and who it is said once remarked: 'History will recognise me as a greater Bismarck.'

The initial silence was most oppressive. Likus, at last, made some pleasant, conventional remark, and we all sat down round a table on which the Cicero documents were laid out. Ribbentrop reached for a few of them, and toyed with them idly, holding them as if they were a hand of cards. Then he began to talk to me:

'So you have met this Cicero. What sort of man is he?'

I repeated what I had now said so often that I knew it almost by heart. I tried to explain the essential points as briefly as possible. Ribbentrop interrupted, in a rather unfriendly tone of voice:

'The man's clearly out for money. What I want to

know is whether the documents are genuine. What are your views?’

‘No more, sir, than what I have already reported. My personal opinion is . . .’

‘I want facts,’ interrupted the Minister. ‘I’m not interested in your personal opinions. They are hardly likely to relieve my considerable misgivings. What does Jenke think?’

‘He agrees with me in believing that the documents are genuine and that the man came to us on his own initiative. Herr von Papen thinks so too.’

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I realised I had made a mistake. At the mention of the Ambassador’s name Ribbentrop’s expression became even chillier than before. His expression grew more arrogant than ever, his lips tightening to a thin line. Likus, behind his chief’s back, gave me an exasperated look. Then Ribbentrop began to speak again, very slowly and in clipped sentences.

‘I am asking you if these documents are genuine. If you can reassure me on this, I might be ready to forget that you once made a considerable nuisance of yourself. If these alleged differences between London and Washington and Moscow are true, then I shall know what steps to take. That’s all that matters. But I need facts, young man, facts – and not personal opinions, your own or anybody else’s. Do you feel capable of handling this assignment? Or shall I send someone else to Ankara?’

I was tempted to reply: ‘Send someone else, sir, by all means. I’m sick to death of spending sleepless nights on the job, only to be treated like a schoolboy for my pains.’

However, I just sat silent, wondering how much

longer I would have to look at that unpleasant face and listen to that harsh voice. If only he would get up, I thought, and announce that the interview was over.

It was Likus again who broke the painful silence.

'It can't be easy for Moyzisch to obtain cast-iron proof of the genuineness of the documents and the *bona fides*, if I may use the phrase, of the man in question. If Cicero works alone, it seems logical to assume that his documents are real ones. If, on the other hand, he has an assistant, that would be a point in favour of the plant theory, though even so it would hardly amount to evidence. May I make a suggestion?' – and here Likus turned to me – 'Perhaps you might devote your major efforts to clearing up that question?'

'A very good point, Likus,' said his chief. 'We'll bear it in mind.' Then, turning to me but without looking me straight in the face, Ribbentrop went on. 'First find out at all costs whether or not Cicero has someone to help him. What have you done so far along those lines?'

'Nothing, sir, except that I did put the question directly to Cicero. I depend, of course, entirely on his own statements. Should he be deceiving us I can only hope that he'll somehow give himself away.'

Ribbentrop still did not deign to look at me. His hands were idly and nervously toying with the documents in front of him. Uncertainty and annoyance were clearly legible on his face as he glanced at the pile of glossy documents that had so far cost the Reich £65,000. With a sudden gesture he thrust the whole batch away from him, over to the far side of his desk. Almost inaudibly his lips formed the words: 'Too good to be true.'

Then he rose.

'You are to stay in Berlin for the time being. I may want to see you again.'

'But, sir . . . Cicero is waiting for me in Ankara. . . . Presumably with new documents. . . .'

'You are to stay in Berlin for the time being.'

He gave me a curt nod. I was dismissed.

I now found myself being kept on ice, as the saying was. It happened frequently in Berlin. Any official who for any reason had fallen out of grace was left to twiddle his thumbs until the sun of superior benevolence should shine on him once again. In such circumstances it was best not to ask why. In my case it just happened that two powerful men were quarrelling, and I had the bad luck to be caught between them.

The country might be heading for disaster: day by day thousands of men who had never wanted war might die in battle: night after night big cities might be reduced to rubble: all the time Cicero might be waiting to present the Third Reich with knowledge that might provide a last chance of saving Germany. Let him wait in Ankara while two high officials in Berlin went on with their petty quarrel. . . .

As for me, I was not exactly longing for Cicero and all the work and trouble that he entailed. But I considered it my duty. Had I been born in London or Paris or Moscow, my emotions would doubtless have been simpler, and my duty easier to fulfil. Being who I was I could only try to help grope a way out of the maze into which we had been led. Later there were to be others, Stauffenberg, Canaris, Moltke and their friends, sincerely trying to find another way out, even though it meant the assassination of Hitler and

of many others. That was not my way. Not yet at any rate. I still naïvely believed that reason might triumph in the end.

After I had been in Berlin a few days I found, on returning one afternoon to my hotel, that I had two invitations, one from Rashid Ali el Ghailani, the other from The Mufti of Jerusalem. Inevitably one thought of those two men, driven from their own lands and eating the bitter bread of exile, as a pair. Once, about two years before this, I had been instrumental in preventing the noose that was then about the Premier of Iraq's neck from being drawn tight. Rashid Ali now lives, a respected guest, at the Court of King Ibn Saud. perhaps after all these years he may still remember with gratitude how a certain death sentence could not be carried out owing to the disappearance of the condemned man.

At the time to which I now refer Rashid Ali was settled in Berlin and, for the moment, out of danger. He had not then forgotten the service I had once been able to do him, and he was pleased to see me at his house. I, of course, accepted his invitation and looked forward to a few hours of pleasant reminiscence. It was an enjoyable evening.

A few days later I went to the Mufti's. I had never had any comparable connection with him in the past. His invitation was doubtless due to the eagerness with which those Arab politicians were competing for German favours. They certainly overestimated my importance.

Before dinner I sat opposite the Mufti. Whereas Rashid Ali was slow and thoughtful in manner, the Mufti was quick, alert to grasp the essentials of any situation. In Berlin he looked exactly like the

many photographs of him that were at that time appearing in the illustrated press. He had a most carefully trimmed beard, dyed a henna colour. It was a splendid beard, and I recall being much impressed by it that evening.

At dinner I sat on his right, a high honour which my position did not warrant, particularly as Herr Grobba, who had once been German Minister in Baghdad, was also present. At first I was somewhat embarrassed by this, but I must admit that when I saw Herr Grobba's ill-concealed chagrin I derived a certain malicious pleasure from his discomfiture.

When we gentlemen had finished our meal – there were naturally no ladies present – the Grand Mufti drew me aside into a corner. We talked, first of all about Turkey and then about the war situation in general. Now the Grand Mufti was no optimist. He was a realist, and as such he foresaw the end of Germany, and perhaps of his own safety.

Our conversation was neither important nor profound. Yet, even after all these years, I can still recall something he said. We were talking of the drastic reforms which Kemal Ataturk had introduced with such startling success in Turkey. From there we went on to discuss man-made reforms in general, and how, once they are exaggerated beyond nature, they inevitably collapse.

'All ideas,' observed the Grand Mufti, 'contain within themselves the seed of their own destruction. Ideas die like men, frequently in peace and of simple old age. But some ideas, even good ones, fall into the hands of men who use them as weapons against the true course of nature. Such ideas come to a violent and terrible end.'

I realise now that the descendant of the Prophet was talking about the Third Reich and the approaching end of the ideas that lay behind it.

A few days later, during this unnecessarily protracted stay in Berlin, I was invited to tea by the Japanese Ambassador, Oshima. I had never met him before and I wondered why I should be thus honoured.

I put it down to the friendly relationship which I had with the Japanese Embassy in Ankara. The Ambassador there, Kurihara, who was one of the most charming diplomats it has ever been my good fortune to know, seemed to have taken a liking to me. Perhaps he had mentioned me to his colleague in Berlin.

Ambassador Oshima received me in his study. He was very interested in conditions in Turkey, which he described as a key point in global politics. He had a lot to say about the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis, expressing disappointments in the Italian end of it. While we had tea he glanced frequently at the huge world map that covered almost one complete wall of his study. I could see that his eyes kept going towards Moscow.

Much later, when I took my leave, he very kindly accompanied me as far as the door. There, after conveying his best regards and good wishes to his compatriots in Ankara, he said:

'Congratulations, incidentally, on your success.'

As he said it there was a ghost of a chuckle in his voice, and I seemed to see a knowing smile in his dark eyes.

It was only after I had left the Embassy, and was enjoying the fresh air of the Tiergarten, that I began

to realise the full implications of the Ambassador's last words. He had obviously been referring to Cicero.

Was it really talked about so much in Berlin? People must be whispering to each other at parties: 'Heard the latest from Cicero?' By the time I got back to the Kaiserhof I was not feeling at all happy.

That was not all. I spent one of my last evenings in Berlin, with several other guests, at a house in the residential suburb of Wannsee. There were many important public figures and party members present, yet I realised as soon as I arrived that I was somehow regarded as a celebrity, the lion of the party. I felt the shadow of Cicero behind me.

I was not to be left in doubt for long as to what was expected of me. At first I feigned deafness and then pretended to be excessively stupid, but it was no good. I had doubtless overdone my pose of half-wittedness, for my hosts, as persistent as they were indiscreet, soon asked me a direct question, and that despite the presence of many interested listeners:

'Won't you tell us something about Cicero?'

I thought for a long time. I could see no way out, and so I began, ponderously and in my most serious manner, to talk. I gave them a lengthy disquisition on the life story of Marcus Tullius Cicero, the contemporary of Julius Cæsar.

My flow of words was steady and extremely dull. I droned on and on, somewhat loudly perhaps, until I noticed that one by one my audience was slipping away. My host was the last one to accept my very broad hint.

That same evening something even more remarkable occurred. It was during a general conversation about the war, which was then becoming more and

more extended and ever more brutal. It was now ten months since Stalingrad. One man who, owing to the position he occupied, should have known what he was talking about, said:

'All the same, Germany and indeed the whole world will be amazed when it is revealed with what slender resources Adolf Hitler won this war.'

I was astounded by this remark, as were the others present. So that was it. After Stalingrad such words, produced as a statement of fact, were criminal. A crime, at least, against one's own nation.

I said so at the time. I replied that I well knew that empires were made with violence, blood and tears. History pardons any action provided that action has been crowned with success. However, I had never heard of an empire being built on a basis of superficiality and bluff, particularly if the bluff were made a subject of boast before it had come off. A man who started a war had the duty of making sure, in every way that was humanly possible, that his country would win that war. Even if he carried out this duty, there still remained a sufficiently large element of hazard in all warfare.

That evening I was in a mood, literally, to talk my head off my shoulders. I was so annoyed that I had lost all sense of proportion.

Only on the morning of November the 22nd was I informed that the Foreign Minister had ordered me to return to Ankara at once.

I had not seen him again during my two weeks' stay in Berlin. The official business that I had transacted during that time could easily have been completed in one day.

I left Berlin that same evening by the Berlin-

Breslau-Vienna express. It was lucky for me that I got to the Friedrichstrasse station well ahead of time, for to my surprise the train left before the scheduled time and went straight through two or three suburban stations where it was supposed to stop.

It was only at Breslau, in the middle of the night, that I learned the explanation. As our train was leaving Berlin towards the East, a strong force of British bombers was flying in from the West. It was the first of many giant raids to come. This one caused considerable damage, particularly in the centre of the city. Casualties were heavy in and near the hotel where I had been staying. Once again luck had been on my side.

This was my last visit to Berlin before the end of the war. I did not then know that I was not to set foot on German soil again until October 1945.

CHAPTER SIX



IN the late evening of November 24th the JU 52 touched down safely at Yedikoy, the Istanbul airport. It was too late to catch the night express for Ankara, so I spent the night at Istanbul. Since there was only one train a day I had the whole of the next day ahead of me, with nothing to do.

From my hotel window I looked across to Asia, with in between only the narrow straits of the Bosphorus. Beyond the Leander lighthouse I could see Uskudar and behind that Haydarpassa and, in the distance, the Uşakdag, one of the highest mountains in Turkey. In the midst of this enchanted prospect lay the great blue expanse of the sea of Marmora, and on one side the graceful silhouette of the Hagia-Sofia mosque. The November sky was a clear and delicate blue.

Looking at all that I almost forgot my troubles. I slept soundly and passed a restful day. In the late afternoon I took the ferry from the Galata bridge to Haydarpassa. At six o'clock the train pulled out of the station, moving slowly through the gardens of Istanbul where even at that season the myriad roses were still visible in the fading light. Night fell quickly. By Iznit I was already asleep, while the train climbed up and up to nearly three thousand feet, passing through innumerable tunnels, leaving behind it the beautiful vegetation of the Marmora, winding its way deeper and ever deeper into the sombre Anatolian plain.

It took the Anatolia Express nearly sixteen hours to reach the modernistic station at Ankara. Ten minutes later I was home. After a quick change I went straight to my office.

My secretary told me that a Monsieur Pierre had telephoned repeatedly during my absence. He had left a message that he would probably ring again today. I nodded casually.

'Anything else?'

'Yes, there is.'

My secretary had recently got married and she wanted a few days leave to meet her husband in Istanbul. This was not allowed so it would have to be unofficial.

'Granted,' I said.

Then I went to see the Ambassador, who wanted all the news from Berlin. He shook his head and grew more depressed as he listened to what I had to say. When I told him of Ambassador Oshima's parting words, he became really angry.

'Ministerial doubts about the genuineness of the documents, that I can understand. But why the devil do they have to chatter about it all? Boasting about the very thing they profess not to believe in. Believe me, those gossiping idiots will land us in a first class row here in Ankara yet.'

Later that afternoon Cicero telephoned. He wanted to meet me at nine o'clock. Since we had agreed never to mention a meeting-place on the telephone I took it for granted that it was to be the same as last time. I arrived there punctually. There was no trace of Cicero. I drove round the block, but still there was no one. Once more I went round, and only then did I see him, running towards the car. He was signalling

frantically with his torch. For a moment I was not sure whether he wanted me to stop, or whether all this waving of lights was to urge me to drive on. In any event I really would have to speak to him about these childish signals. The British were not likely to be there to see them, but the Turkish police might.

When he finally got in the car he seemed in the best of spirits. He had missed me, he said, and had wondered where on earth I had been all the time. I told him that I had gone to Berlin, entirely on his account. This sort of thing flattered him and he seemed pleased; however he said that he had done quite a few jobs during my absence, though he had not dared keep the films as it seemed too dangerous. One was a beautiful job, over fifty very highly classified documents. What could he do? He could not be expected to carry the roll around with him indefinitely, could he? So finally he had simply exposed the film to the sunlight. He still had the roll and I would have to pay him for it at the normal rate.

'Quite out of the question,' I replied. 'What do you think they would say in Berlin if I went about buying blank films at £15,000 the time?'

He shrugged his shoulders and dropped the subject for the time being.

I pulled up in front of a house where a friend of mine lived and told him that I had arranged the loan of a room for that evening where we could be comfortable. He was expecting us. He had no clue as to who Cicero might be, and he discreetly left us as soon as he had shown us to the music room.

There Cicero looked around him with some curiosity, examining the expensive and tasteful furniture. I handed him the £15,000 for the work he had brought

me before I left for Berlin. He put two new rolls of film on a little table. Then he began again about the roll the contents of which he had had to spoil. When he put that one next to the other two I picked it up and put it back in his pocket. While doing so my fingers touched something cold and metallic.

'So you carry a gun?' I asked.

'Just in case,' he said, in a casual tone of voice. 'I don't intend to let them catch me alive.'

I wondered whether Berlin would consider these words to be evidence of his being genuine.

There were sandwiches and a decanter on the table. Cicero helped himself and sat down beside me on the sofa. He evidently felt entirely at home. When he had finished eating he asked me for a cigar.

'Tell me about your father's death,' I said, as I offered him my case.

'There is nothing to tell,' he replied, his manner changing. From being cheerful he suddenly became glum. 'Besides, I don't like talking about it. Why do you keep on at me so about my private life? If that's a German habit, all I can say is that I don't like it.'

'I don't want to pry into your business, I've been told to ask you. In Berlin, for obvious reasons, they want to know more about the man who supplies them with such valuable information. They want to know what you are like and what your motives are. You may call it Teutonic thoroughness if you like, but I assure you it's not just idle curiosity.'

'Whatever you call it, I still don't like it. It's none of your business. I'm not your servant. I don't have to answer your questions. I risk my life getting you the documents. You pay me for them. And that's all there is to it. I see no reason why I should do anything

else for you. Besides, perhaps I don't want to talk about my past.'

'I'd be the last man to try to make you. I had no idea there was any secret attached to your father's death. You mentioned it once, saying an Englishman had killed him, and I just wondered what the details were.'

'He was shot, and there's no secret about it. It was an accident while they were out shooting. My father had been hired as a beater and that fool of an Englishman's stupidity cost him his life. But who cares about the life of a poor Albanian. I don't suppose I'd have cared myself, if it had not happened to be my father.'

Cicero had calmed down and he helped himself to some more wine. I said nothing and after a while he continued:

'If that idiotic Englishman had learned how to handle a gun before going shooting, my whole life would have been different. I might have had a happy childhood. Now, of course, I've got some money, plenty of money, and plenty more to come, but. . . .'

Whatever thoughts were hidden behind that 'but' he kept to himself.

'My father, you see,' he went on, 'my father hated foreigners. They brought nothing but trouble and misery to our mountains. Well, I hate them even more than he did.'

'Do you know the name of the Englishman who shot your father?' I asked, after a long pause.

'I never saw the swine, but I know his name all right. I went to the authorities about it when I was a little older. Finally they gave me some money. Compensation for being an orphan! It was enough to get

me to Turkey. It wasn't enough to stop me hating the British.' Then he added, melodramatically: 'And now I am having my revenge!'

'Have you any other reason for hating them?'

'Plenty. They treat me badly. Not the Ambassador, he's decent enough, but some of the others. They don't regard servants as human, they seem to think that they are some sort of animal.'

'Then why do you stay with them?'

'If I hadn't, you wouldn't have had their secret papers, would you? I enjoy swindling them. But I'll soon have had enough. Then I'll go somewhere where nobody knows me and where there are no Englishmen at all.'

'Provided always they don't catch you first.'

'I don't think they will. I've been preparing for this for years. I've thought of everything, every little detail. And even if they do catch me, well, they won't take me alive.'

It was the second time that night that he had said that. It was nearly eleven when he left me. He looked at his cheap, gun-metal watch and declined my offer of a lift. He seemed to be in a hurry.

I went back to the Embassy and locked the rolls of film in my safe. My original fervour had been slightly damped by my reception in Berlin, and developing and enlarging would have to wait until the morning. Then I walked home, thinking over what Cicero had said.

It seemed a fairly plausible story, and I was prepared to accept it at face value. Yet there was an element of cheap melodrama about it that left me feeling slightly sceptical, and I did not imagine that it would make much impression in Berlin.

On the other hand I realised that to a European, brought up as I had been in Austria, the world of an Albanian Mohammedan mountaineer, with its blood-feuds and its vendettas, was bound to appear strange if not actually incomprehensible. We never did discover whether the story of his father's death was true, or whether he invented it in order to have some less sordid reason than money for his treachery. It was really quite unimportant in helping us decide whether or not his stuff was genuine. However, that was to be established within the next few days, and beyond a shadow of doubt.

The next courier plane to Berlin carried some twenty new photographs. Among them was one that caused more excitement in Berlin than anything Cicero had given us so far. It was the text of a wireless message, with hand-written marginal comments, the subject being technical details concerning the interchange of messages between London and Ankara. I was told that it proved of immense value to the German Secret Service; they maintained that it helped them to break an important British cipher.

Among this lot there was also material of considerable political importance. There was the draft of a comprehensive report by the British Ambassador on relations between Ankara and London. To us in Turkey this report was extremely valuable and of great use. It was almost entirely in the Ambassador's own tidy handwriting, with many neatly made corrections. The essence of it was that it clearly revealed the Turks' determination to keep out of the war. The British were naturally trying to manoeuvre Turkey into a state of armed neutrality or non-belligerency, to be followed by Turkish troop concentrations in

Thrace with the object of tying up as many German divisions as possible in Bulgaria. The first step was to be the breaking-off of Turko-German diplomatic relations.

We were, of course, already well aware what were the British aims. Indeed anyone who followed Middle-Eastern politics at all closely knew what they were. What we did not know was how far from, or how near to, success they had come in their plans. Furthermore it was most revealing to see the enemy's intentions revealed in detail by their most important representative. I was struck by Sir Hughe's lucid and sober assessment of the situation and by his evident habit of not shirking unpleasant facts or dodging issues, no matter how unpalatable his conclusions might be to Whitehall. For example, he made no attempt to disguise the extent to which Turkish policy was being influenced by the personality of the German Ambassador.

Drafts and documents of this sort might have provided an invaluable lesson for our German politicians, if they had been prepared to learn from the enemy and to study the well-tried methods of British diplomacy and of British political activity abroad. Unfortunately for us our superiors in Berlin were entirely satisfied with themselves and with their own methods. They did not believe that the British could teach them anything, nor were they prepared to give credence to any statement that was opposed to their own preconceived ideas.

It was therefore in Ankara, rather than in Berlin, that Sir Hughe's draft was appreciated for what it was worth.

'A lucid, sober draft, neatly arranged and elegantly

formulated,' was von Papen's verdict, after he had carefully studied the document written in his opposite number's small, legible handwriting. And he added: 'Berlin won't enjoy this one very much.'

So far as my immediate job was concerned, there was a technical point arising from this last batch of photographs that one did not have to be an expert to see. It was quite evident that this time Cicero had been in much more of a hurry than usual. He had apparently not had time to smooth out the original documents before taking the photographs: one or two were concealed behind other documents: some of the negatives were out of focus. In general their legibility was much poorer than that of previous deliveries.

With the documents I enclosed, as usual, a covering note. In this I reported Cicero's story about his father's death. I also mentioned that he had been frightened by my long absence in Berlin and that he had, in consequence, destroyed one roll of film containing reproductions which he claimed to have been particularly important. This, I may say, I put in purely to annoy Ribbentrop. It was my small revenge for the treatment I had received in Berlin.

The answer I got a few days later was typical. It was a signal ordering me, in a peremptory fashion, to get Cicero to photograph those documents again.

During the last days of November I went to Istanbul. It was a nuisance making this long journey again so soon after my return, but I had a particular reason for doing so.

Cicero, some time before, had asked me as a special favour to get him £5,000 worth of United States dollars. Obviously, as he said, it would be foolish

for him to change such a substantial amount at one of the local banks; it would inevitably attract attention. And he wanted those dollars urgently as he had been offered a profitable investment.

Cicero was then giving us, almost every day, documents of incalculable value. In order to keep him in a good temper I saw no reason why I should not help him in this matter.

I therefore kept back £5,000 from his next payment and took it to our own bank in Ankara, where I asked the manager if he could change that much sterling into dollars. The manager told me that I had come at a particularly fortunate moment; one of his customers, an Armenian business man about to go abroad, had already asked him to buy sterling for dollars. The deal was soon made, and I passed on the Armenian's dollar bills to Cicero.

For some time I heard no more about this transaction. I had almost forgotten about it, when the bank manager telephoned, obviously in considerable distress. I went straight round to see him, and learned that he had just had a cable from Switzerland; apparently a Swiss business man had bought the sterling notes from the Armenian, had taken them to England and had there been told that they were counterfeit. The matter had been referred back to the manager in Ankara, since he had negotiated the original deal, and he was liable to get into trouble on account of it.

I immediately signalled Berlin, giving them a detailed report of the whole transaction and asking for instructions. I got back a most indignant reply, stating that it was utter nonsense to doubt the genuineness of money sent out by the Wilhelmstrasse, and implying that it was impertinent of me to make

such a suggestion. I was told that during the lengthy travels of the English notes somebody must have substituted false ones: alternatively, the Armenian had made up the whole story in an attempt to swindle me. However, so as to avoid any breath of scandal, the matter was to be cleared up at once. I was therefore instructed to reimburse the Ankara bank out of Embassy funds, the whole thing to be done as discreetly as possible. Berlin wished to hear no more about it.

Now, while last in Berlin, I had heard hints and rumours that forged British banknotes, particularly of the larger denominations, were being printed in Germany for infiltration into neutral countries. I had asked various officials about this, and had on all occasions been given a categorical denial. Of course all this now came back to me.

I obeyed Berlin's instructions and the business with the bank was settled without any fuss or scandal. But I did not feel happy about it. It seemed most unlikely that the Wilhelmstrasse would make counterfeit money, and I could hardly believe that they would be so foolish as to jeopardise the whole of Operation Cicero by paying him in bad notes. All the same, I wanted to make sure that the money I was giving him was genuine.

Therefore I picked out samples from each of the many bundles of banknotes in my safe. In all they amounted to close on ten thousand pounds, and these I took to the manager of the bank in Istanbul with which the German Consulate-General had its dealings. I asked him to have the notes examined, telling him that they had been offered to us for sale and that I had been told to make sure that they were

good. After a couple of days, when I went to get them back, I was assured that they were perfectly all right. That, at least, was one thing less to worry about.

The first courier post in December contained a somewhat surprising item, addressed to me. It was a huge parcel of books which, when opened, turned out to be an almost complete collection of books dealing with the more celebrated cases of espionage in the twentieth century. There were various White Papers and official files, together with quite a few works of fiction. Among the non-fiction I recall seeing Ronge's standard work *A History of Espionage During the World War*. I had not ordered these books and had neither the time nor the desire to read them.

There was a covering note, in which I was more or less tactfully informed that a thorough study of these books would help me in handling Operation Cicero. I shoved them all firmly into the back of the bottom drawer of my desk and there they remained, an unread monument to German thoroughness.

As for the covering note, I replied as civilly as I could that I had little time for reading fiction and that so far as the authentic cases went I found it hard to detect any parallel between Operation Cicero and, say, the Mata Hari case or *l'affaire Dreyfus*. I suggested that it might be better for me to be guided by plain reasoning and common sense. However, if they wished to help me in my work, they could not do better than to clear up the highly confusing and worrying matter of to whom exactly I was responsible. After a while I received an unofficial note that I had best be patient. Ribbentrop and Kaltenbrunner were still brawling.

For nearly a week after this I had no word from Cicero. Meanwhile, though, I did receive a communication from Berlin which, I was told, was the official answer to my question concerning my position.

It was marked **STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL TO BE OPENED PERSONALLY**. It contained a sharply worded order from Kaltenbrunner that I was no longer to inform Ambassador von Papen about anything to do with Operation Cicero. Above all and on no account was I to show him the actual documents.

I decided there and then not to obey these instructions when I felt that any document would be of value to Herr von Papen in his work. In fact I took the letter straight to the Ambassador to ask his advice. Von Papen was extremely annoyed and upset by it. He said that if Kaltenbrunner's order were to be endorsed by Ribbentrop he would tender his resignation at once.

So far as I was concerned, my disobedience in this matter was to put me in a most unpleasant position a little later on.

December was Cicero's great period. Never before and never again did he deliver so much or such important material. There could no longer be the slightest doubt about his genuineness.

In Berlin they were at last beginning to see the value of it all. Every courier plane carried fresh top secret British documents, documents so important that for a while even the private war between Ribbentrop and Kaltenbrunner took second place. Ribbentrop's personal attitude towards Operation Cicero seemed to be unchanged; at least he still preserved his haughty silence. He read the documents, but that was all. Presumably he still had doubts as

to whether or not the whole business was a British trick. In any event, whether it was for that reason or because of personal enmity and spite, he never made the slightest effort to use the information he now possessed.

As for Cicero himself, he seemed a different man during that busy month of December. He was quite friendly now, even moderately talkative, and he seemed to have completely got over his original shyness and reserve. It was only when I asked him personal questions concerning his identity or his background that he closed up, making it quite clear that such matters were none of my business, and that I had better be satisfied with the goods he delivered without wanting any other information.

He was obviously very proud of his successes. What he really liked to talk about at our nocturnal meetings was his own future. He enjoyed thinking about the large house he was going to own in some pleasant country far away. I remember that he planned to have a great many servants. Sometimes his attitude reminded me of a child's exuberant excitement on Christmas eve. He did not seem at all worried by the rapid worsening of Germany's position.

'I've made plans for every eventuality,' he once told me in his lordly way. 'I know exactly what I'll do if Germany loses the war.'

But he never told me what those plans were.

He changed considerably in appearance as well. He now wore well-cut suits of the best English cloth and expensive shoes with thick crêpe soles. One day, when he appeared wearing a large and flamboyant gold wrist watch, I thought it time I spoke to him.

'Don't you think your chief and other people might

notice all your new and obviously expensive possessions? They might begin to wonder where the money to pay for them came from. Frankly, I think you're being a little rash. In fact your behaviour strikes me as downright dangerous.'

Cicero looked at me thoughtfully. I could see he was impressed. After a few moments he took off the wrist watch and asked me to keep it for him until he had a chance to take it to Istanbul and store it there with his other jewellery.

He was very fond of jewels. On one occasion he asked me to give him his usual £15,000, not in English banknotes, but in the form of diamonds and other precious stones. He said he was afraid of arousing suspicion if he bought them himself.

I told him that it would seem equally suspicious if I were to go to a shop and buy £15,000 worth of diamonds. I did, however, finally agree to get him a couple of thousand pounds' worth. I felt that that was about the limit to which I could safely go in pretending I was buying presents for my wife.

Another noticeable change in Cicero's outward appearance were his finger nails. When I had first met him they had been bitten down to the quick. By now they were grown again. He had even had them manicured. And this was not the only evidence to show that his earlier nervousness had completely left him. He had given up peeping behind curtains and jerking open doors. He was entirely self-assured, and I was even afraid that he might become careless. Towards the middle of the month this cocksureness of his was to be rudely shaken, but that comes later in the story.

Meanwhile, shortly after the Allied conferences in

Cairo and Teheran were over, Cicero rang up and asked for a meeting. I had to attend an official dinner that evening which I could not get out of at such short notice, so I asked him to meet me a little earlier than usual.

At eight o'clock I was at our established meeting-place, and with that curious, cat-like agility of his he jumped into the slow-moving car. He seemed to be in rather a hurry as, indeed, was I. I passed him a fat bundle of money which he stuffed right into his pocket while passing me two rolls of film. Later these turned out to be the most precious information that Cicero ever extracted from the Ambassador's safe. He said he would have some more for me in a few days' time, and at the next dark corner he slipped out of my car as quietly as he had entered it.

I did not want to be any later than necessary for the dinner party, so I drove straight there instead of first dropping the films at the Embassy.

It was not a particularly pleasant dinner, at least not for me. I could not stop myself from putting my hand in my pocket every two minutes to make sure my rolls of film were still there. I am afraid my worry and curiosity about Cicero's latest delivery made me a very poor conversationalist indeed, and I know that my bridge afterwards was shockingly bad.

As soon as I decently could I made some excuse, took my wife home, and went back to the Embassy. I had intended just to lock the films in the safe and leave the developing and so on till the morning. But holding them in my hand my curiosity was too strong and I decided to do the job at once.

I worked in the dark-room all night, finishing just as dawn was breaking. I found that I had in my

possession complete minutes of the entire conferences both at Cairo and at Teheran.

I worked on all through the morning writing a provisional report for the Ambassador to forward to Berlin. Good old Schnürchen, when she came to my office at nine sharp, was probably surprised to see her chief at the typewriter, wearing a dinner jacket. Once again she showed her perfect diplomatic training; she made no comment either on my clothes or on the fact that I chose to type myself rather than to dictate to her.

With this delivery the sequence of events and development of Allied policy that was covered by the three recent meetings of Allied leaders became entirely clear to us. First there had been the Moscow conference, called by Stalin and attended by Eden and Cordell Hull: then came the Cairo talks between Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek: and finally there was the great Teheran conference of the Big Three.

Sitting there all that morning, typing a résumé of what the batch of photographs on my desk told me, I realised with brutal clarity that what I was writing was nothing more nor less than a preview of Germany's destruction. The Moscow Conference had done the preparatory work: the Teheran Conference had put the finishing touches. Here a new world had been planned, whose premise was the utter blotting out of the Third Reich and the punishment of its guilty leaders. I never learned what effect these revelations had on the men whose personal fate had just been decided at Teheran. For myself I trembled with emotion at the spectacle of the vast historical perspective opened by these stolen documents.

I spent a very busy day drafting further long signals, each of which had to be approved by the Ambassador. That evening I met Cicero again. He had yet another roll of film for me. This one contained only a few exposures, but at least one of them was of vital importance. We immediately wired Berlin that the Head of the Turkish State had gone to Cairo to meet President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. Up to then none of us in Turkey, and certainly no one in Berlin, even suspected that President Ismet Inonu and the Turkish Foreign Minister had left Ankara.

Cicero now began to be more reckless. Every second or third day he produced fresh material. I had given him a brand new Leica sent from Berlin. I got him all the film he needed, which was also sent from Berlin, since it might have caused attention had he bought such quantities from the one photographic shop in Ankara.

We were still in the second week of December when he telephoned once again asking me to meet him that night. As usual we drove aimlessly through the dark streets and alleys of Ankara, while from the back he handed over a roll of film and I passed him his money. This time, though, he gave me a small package in addition to the roll of film.

'Open it later,' he said. 'They'll know what to do with it in Berlin.'

I wondered what it contained and was about to ask him when I was blinded by the glaring headlights of another car reflected in my rear mirror.

I leaned out and saw a long, dark limousine, some twenty yards behind us. I remember congratulating myself that I had taken care of my back licence

plate; it was bent and well coated with dried mud. Also the German origin of the Opel was not easily discernible at night; at a superficial glance that big, streamlined automobile looked like one of the many new American cars so plentiful in Ankara.

I drove on slowly waiting for the limousine to pass me, but it did not do so. I decided to draw in to the curb until it had gone by. The great dark car behind me stopped too, still at a distance of about twenty yards. Now I really began to get worried. The other car's powerful headlights lit up the interior of the Opel. Cicero was still evidently unaware of what was going on. He seemed merely to be bothered by the light, as he drew the curtains of the back window. At that moment I heard the other car's horn and saw in my mirror that it was slowly creeping up towards us.

I became deadly frightened and drove off as fast as I could, putting on more and more speed, trying to shake off the car behind. I soon realised that it had at least as much speed as my Opel. Furthermore I could not go full out, since I did not dare take the risk of knocking down some pedestrian or crashing into something. An accident at this point would have been fatal. If we had been killed or even seriously injured, the Turkish police would have found the British Ambassador's valet, carrying a huge sum of money, in a car belonging to a German attaché who was carrying a roll of film . . . that is, if our pursuers let them find us at all.

Meanwhile the dark limousine kept close behind me, always at the same distance. Again I reduced speed to a mere crawl. So did the other car. I had no doubt in my own mind that Cicero had been shadowed, presumably since leaving the British Embassy,

which would mean that they were aware of the valet being in a German diplomatic car.

I deliberately dismissed these thoughts. I was not going to give up before making one final attempt to get rid of them.

I went through a very narrow and dark alleyway. I took the corner rather slowly and then suddenly accelerated as heavily as I could, tearing around another corner and then another one. It was no good. In the mirror I could still see the reflection of the dark limousine, twenty yards behind me.

What could I do? Had it been daytime I might have tried to make a dash for the German Embassy, but at night it would take the porter at least a minute or two to open the heavy iron gates. Besides, even if the gates had been open, to go there would be to provide the people behind with absolute proof that Cicero was a German spy. I would have to think of something else.

While tearing around those street corners, I glanced at Cicero's reflection in the mirror. He was hunched in his corner, deadly white. He was aware that his life was at stake. A beam of light from the following car lit him up for a second, and I could see that he was sweating heavily. With his hands he clutched the back of the driving seat.

'Can't you go faster?' His voice was a hoarse whisper.

'Yes. But it wouldn't do any good.'

It occurred to me to try and reach one of the great new motor-roads that radiated out from Ankara over the plains. On one of them I could drive my big car flat out and I might be able to shake off the limousine. I realised at once that this plan was useless. Once out

of the town the roads were marvellous, but there were no turnings. Whoever left on one of them had to come back the same way. The British, if it were they, would not even have to bother to chase me. They could simply wait until I came back.

I had no gun. I never carried one while I was in Ankara. There seemed no point, since I would certainly never fire the first shot and the second shot would be too late. Besides, I have always thought that the mere carrying of a loaded gun is more dangerous than it is worth, since it gives a man a quite false feeling of security. It is always better to rely on one's brain, a far more useful weapon.

But Cicero had a revolver. By now he was palpably panic-struck, sitting hunched there, chewing on his finger nails. For him to have a loaded gun in his pocket was, I thought, extremely dangerous for everyone concerned. I wished at that moment that I could somehow get it out of his pocket.

Once again I tried the old trick. I crossed the intersection very slowly. So did my pursuers. Then I raced round the corner and round another one and round still a third. It was touch and go. I felt the car skidding on two wheels, screeching on the turns, and once we were within inches of grazing the near wall of a narrow alley. Back in the straight I got the car under control again. Doubling round two more corners, I reached the great central boulevard of Ankara, where I accelerated to sixty and then seventy and seventy-five. Looking round I saw to my intense relief that there was no one behind me. I kept my foot pressed down, the accelerator flat against the floor-boards. It was lucky that the boulevard, with its many crossings, was completely deserted at that

hour of the night. We raced past the great iron gates of the German Embassy.

'Take me to the British Embassy,' said the faint voice from the back seat.

I nodded and went straight on up the steep road. A solitary policeman jumped for his life. There was one more corner. With screaming brakes I went from sixty miles an hour to dead slow. We were one hundred yards from the British Embassy. Without a word Cicero jumped out. The darkness swallowed him up.

I went back the same way. I had to. There was no other. I saw nobody, no pedestrians, no policeman, no cars, certainly no dark limousine.

It was only when I got to my office that I realised I was shaking all over. My shirt was soaked through and my hair, wet with perspiration, stuck to my forehead.

I put the new roll of film away in my safe. There remained the small package. Before opening it, I poured myself a much-needed drink. Then I broke the string. It was a brown cardboard box, about four inches by two by two and inside, wrapped in cotton wool and tissue paper, was a hard object. It fell out of my still shaky fingers as I unwrapped it. I picked it up and found that it was a small black object, the size of a matchbox. It had a waxy smell, and I had no idea what it was. I was about to put it in my drawer when, turning it over, I saw on the back the clear imprint of two complicated keys.

It was no longer a riddle. The black stuff was just a lump of ordinary cobbler's wax; the imprint was presumably that of the keys to the British Ambassador's safe. So Cicero had solved that problem too.

He was right when he said that they would know what to do with this lump of wax in Berlin. They certainly would.

I was far too strung up to think of sleep. But I could not trust myself to undertake the delicate work of developing the new films either. So I took the old Mercedes out of the garage – the official car which I still used by day – and went to Ankara's only night club.

There I sat and drank a solitary bottle of wine. I was quite alone at my table. Across the room there was a large and evidently very merry party of English people. They were having a thoroughly good time. Since I knew all about their secrets, I thought they had every reason to celebrate.

As for myself, shaken by what I had read that morning and still more shaken by what I had been through that evening, I felt anything but gay. Still the wine did help to settle my nerves. I sat there sipping and became gradually calmer. It was long after midnight when I asked for my bill. I hoped that the wine might help me to get a few hours' badly needed sleep.

CHAPTER SEVEN



THAT hectic motor-car chase in the dead of night through the streets and back-alleys of Ankara was the first indication we had that somebody knew something about Operation Cicero who should not. It therefore marks a turning point, and, for myself, I date the beginning of our troubles from that evening. Indeed, it was not long after this that Elisabet made her first appearance in Ankara, though so far as I know there was no connection between the two events.

As for the car chase, I have never really found out who was after us. I find it hard to believe that it was a British car. Or if it was then they did not know who was in my car with me, for if they had, Cicero could obviously have had no further access to the Ambassador's safe. As it was, he continued to rifle it for some months to come.

It may have been some practical joker in the dark limousine, somebody with nothing better to do and who only started chasing us when he noticed how anxious I was to get away from him. Maybe I was mistaken for somebody else. There are many possible explanations, none of them very convincing. I am inclined to think it was a Turkish police car, though why they should have followed me in that way I cannot think. My reason for this idea is a curious incident that occurred a few days later.

I was dining at the Jenkes' house. Among the

guests were some senior officials of the Turkish Foreign Ministry. After dinner, when we were all standing around chatting, one of these Turkish gentlemen suddenly turned to me:

'My dear Moyzisch,' he said, 'you seem to be an extraordinarily reckless driver. You ought to be more careful, you know, particularly at night.'

He dropped this remark quite casually among the small talk. I needed all my presence of mind to accept it in the manner in which it was offered. I smiled politely and thanked him for his well-meant advice. I hope I managed to conceal my real feelings.

What, I wondered, did the man really know? Though he could presumably explain the mystery of that chase, I obviously could not ask him to do so. If it had been a Turkish car, did they know who my passenger had been? I have puzzled over all this for a long time now. I have never found a satisfactory solution. It seems unlikely that I ever shall.

The car chase had thoroughly scared Cicero and he had been a nervous wreck when eventually he slipped out of my automobile. Yet he must have regained his self-confidence almost immediately, for three days later I had another call from him. This time I took him to my friend's house.

There, feeling quite safe and relaxed, he told me that after our narrow escape he had managed to get to his room unobserved. He had just put on his servant's livery when another servant, evidently a friend, had come to see him. Thus he was lucky enough to have a witness, should he ever be questioned as to his whereabouts that night. As it happened, however, he never was.

He wanted to know if his lump of cobbler's wax

had been sent to Berlin. He needed those keys urgently. They would enable him to do his photographing while his chief was away from the Embassy. He would feel much safer working that way.

This was Cicero's evening off, and he seemed to have plenty of time. Helping himself freely to drinks, sandwiches and cigars, he appeared to be in a more carefree and unreserved mood than ever. In fact he was positively garrulous, boasting a good deal about his achievements, his ambitions and, above all, his cultured background. In the future he intended to devote himself to music. He would, he said, have done so earlier in life had circumstances permitted. He was very proud of his tenor voice, and he insisted on singing some arias from Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*. He had a pleasant, light voice; but what really struck me that night, as I sat there listening to him, was the change that came over his hard and ugly face as he sang. Music seemed to make a different man of him.

Cicero was in a mellow mood that evening, and it was the wine that made it mellow. This gave me a good opportunity for discharging a recent and none too pleasant instruction from Berlin; namely to cut the rate of payment per roll of film from £15,000 to £10,000. Somewhat to my surprise, Cicero readily agreed to this.

A day or two later he delivered a film which, when developed and enlarged, was to cause me endless worry and trouble. It was a document as interesting, confidential and important as many of the others. But it was not the text that puzzled me. On the enlarged copy of that sheet of typescript two fingers were clearly visible at the edge, showing how the original had been held while the exposure was being

made. To be exact it was a finger and a thumb, and there could be no doubt whatever that they were Cicero's. I have a good visual memory for hands, but that was not all; Cicero wore a rather conspicuous signet ring on his index finger, and it was clearly visible in the photograph. My first thought was that if the British should ever get hold of this print it would mean the end for Cicero.

When next I met him he was actually wearing that ring. The important point, however, and the one that was to cause me so much trouble, was that here was almost incontrovertible evidence that Cicero did have an assistant after all. And this, in its turn, would reopen all the old arguments about the genuineness of the material, since Ribbentrop's already strong suspicions were bound to be increased. I could expect the usual flood of questions from Kaltenbrunner's department, too.

How exactly Cicero set about photographing the documents had been one of the prime interests of Berlin from the start. I had had to go into the most minute technical details when explaining it all – or at least as much as I knew about it – to Kaltenbrunner's experts in Berlin. Cicero had told me again and again that he held the Leica in one hand, using no tripod or any other form of support. With a finger of this hand he released the shutter and made the exposure. On the face of it, it would seem almost impossible to hold the camera and take the exposure with one hand, without wobbling, and quite impossible at the same time to be holding the document to be photographed. It seemed clear that Cicero had either had a collaborator, or that he had misinformed me about his method.

Neither of these alternatives could cause anything but extreme consternation in Berlin.

As soon as they received the significant photograph, they began inundating me with telegrams: why? how? wherefore? with what? why not? and so on. I was to cross-question Cicero immediately, forthwith, at once, instanter. An explanation must be forthcoming within twenty-four hours . . . absolute precision imperative . . . and so on and so forth. . . .

It all nearly drove me frantic. Here was a man giving the German Reich information of incalculable value about the Teheran Conference and other vital matters. No one could possibly doubt the genuineness of the documents, since internal evidence, all our available external evidence, as well as subsequent events, bore it out. It seemed to me completely immaterial whether the man worked alone or whether he had an assistant. And to regard this minor point as the crux of the whole operation, to keep on asking all these irritating questions which only annoyed Cicero and which only he could answer – that seemed to me to be utter imbecility.

Suppose Cicero did have an accomplice, whom, for some reason, he did not wish to mention. What difference did that make? And in any case, how could I possibly make him reveal his secret if he preferred not to? I should have thought that so long as he continued to hand over the documents he might be allowed to lie to us as much as he chose. Of course I, too, was puzzled by that thumb and first finger. It seemed to make it pretty clear that he was not working alone. But still, what difference did that make? Why pester me with questions that could never be answered if Cicero was unwilling to do so?

Had this happened before the Teheran Conference, Ribbentrop's and Kaltenbrunner's suspicions would have been more comprehensible. Since there could no longer be the slightest doubt that the documents were genuine, it seemed to me utterly inane to make such a fuss about whether or not he had been caught lying on a relatively minor point.

In Berlin some bureaucrat had a brilliant idea. They sent a trusted photographic expert, who could also speak French, to Ankara. He was flown out to Istanbul by special plane, and he brought with him a microphone and a long list of highly technical questions which I had to learn by heart.

Finally, after much persuasion, I managed to get Cicero to come to my office again. He did not want to do so, as he rightly considered it to be an entirely unnecessary risk, we could, after all, meet quite safely in the street or at my friend's house. Still, eventually I got him to my office, where I asked him all the many technical questions which Berlin had thought up. Every word of this conversation was recorded by means of the specialist's microphone. As Cicero had firmly and frequently refused ever to see anybody in the Embassy except me, I had had to conceal from him that there was a man listening-in next door.

Having seen Cicero safely off the premises, I returned to my office where the Berlin expert was now waiting.

'There can be no doubt,' he said, rather ponderously, 'that your man is a photographic genius. Assuming his statements to be correct, I would say that there might just be a ghost of a possibility that he works alone. I would put the odds against it at

about a thousand to one. On the other hand, strictly speaking, I cannot definitely say that it would be a physical impossibility. There is only one thing I can say with absolute certainty: he lied about the photograph that shows his other hand. For that one, at least, he had an assistant. As for all the others, there is just a possibility, with, as I said, a thousand to one chance against it, that he might have made the exposures exactly as he claimed and alone. I for one, however, would consider it most improbable.'

The photographic expert went back to Berlin the next day. I never saw his official report. His visit had one satisfactory result from my point of view. Henceforth I was no longer pestered by telegrams which I was quite unable to answer.

That exciting month of December was still far from over. My last, and greatest, crisis of that year was caused indirectly by my own chief, the Ambassador. It got me into no end of trouble. This is what happened.

Shortly before Christmas Cicero's delivery included a document dealing with recent developments in Anglo-Turkish relations. It showed that, in view of Germany's deteriorating military position, Ankara was prepared to yield to British demands for a much increased 'infiltration' of military, naval and R.A.F. personnel into Turkey. Indeed, figures were given. From the German point of view this was most important. In the circumstances I considered this a case when it was my duty to disobey Kaltenbrunner's instructions, and I showed Herr von Papen this grimly serious document.

The Ambassador was very worried; partly on account of the disturbing and highly menacing results

of the Anglo-Turkish staff talks, but even more so because of the probable reactions of Ribbentrop and his clique. When they learned about these developments they could be expected to react violently. One result might be that Ribbentrop's basically anti-Turkish attitude would be endorsed by the Führer and the High Command, provoking reckless and certainly incalculable measures. In view of these possibilities, Herr von Papen decided to act at once. It was a bold step he took, and the results were far-reaching.

He asked for an immediate interview with Numan Menemencioglu, the Foreign Minister. They had a long talk, alone together, and when the Turkish Minister tried to dispel the German Ambassador's suspicions concerning an imminent or indeed actual violation of neutrality, Herr von Papen did not hesitate to call his bluff. He did not, of course, actually quote any of the information derived from Cicero, but he did make it quite clear that he knew a great deal more than the Turkish Government might imagine. He had to do this in order to give sufficient weight to his intervention. In the circumstances it was essential, from the German point of view, to let the Turks see that Germany was well aware of the nature of those highly confidential Anglo-Turkish staff talks. It was the diplomat's way of exercising pressure, the idea behind it being that the mere hint of German reprisals might make the Turks a little more cautious in their military commitments to the British. Von Papen certainly scored a bull's eye by this determined *démarche*.

Numan Menemencioglu was an extremely shrewd man, and as experienced a diplomat as the German

Ambassador. He simply said that von Papen must have been misinformed. Finally, while not exactly denying that a few conversations might have been held between military experts in Ankara or London, he said that it would be wrong to attach any great importance to such talks. And again, just before the German Ambassador left, the Turkish Minister did his best to minimise the significance of a possible understanding with London.

The moment Herr von Papen had gone Numan Menemencioglu sent for the British Ambassador. He told him every word of what von Papen had said. They both agreed that von Papen could not possibly be so well-informed unless there were some high-level leakage, either on the British or on the Turkish side.

When he returned to his Embassy after this conversation, Sir Hughe was at least as worried as Numan Menemencioglu. Being a conscientious man, he immediately informed the Foreign Office in considerable detail about the conversation he had just had with the Turkish Foreign Minister. I imagine that this report caused considerable anxiety in Whitehall. To this day I can remember the last sentence of Sir Hughe's report.

'Papen evidently knows more than is good for him.'

Less than thirty hours after this signal had been sent to London, I held its photo copy in my hand. Cicero was a fast worker in those days.

I had no illusions about the probable consequences of that particular document so far as I personally was concerned. The British signal made it quite clear that von Papen, when interviewing Numan Menemencioglu, had information which Berlin would realise

he could only have derived from the most recent Cicero documents. In the first week of December, as already stated, I had received strict orders from Kaltenbrunner to withhold all these documents from the Ambassador. Therefore, when the photographs of Sir Hughe's report on his conversation with Numan Memencioğlu reached Kaltenbrunner, it would be apparent that I had deliberately disobeyed a very plain order.

I thought of extracting that document. That would be quite useless, since Berlin would still have the negative, which they would immediately develop. I thought of concealing the existence of the whole roll. Yet I had to account for the £10,000 that it had cost us. I even toyed with the idea of replacing the money myself, but even if I had been able to raise that large sum in the very short time available, I would have had enormous difficulty in buying sterling. No, it was an impasse. With a heavy heart I sealed the documents in the usual envelope. I felt as though I were posting off my own death-warrant.

For a while nothing happened at all. Kaltenbrunner's icy silence was far more unnerving than the most severe reprimand. After a week or so a courier brought me a letter TO BE OPENED PERSONALLY. It was a brief note, written on Kaltenbrunner's orders, curtly informing me that I would be held responsible for a gross breach of discipline in disobeying strict orders. Ribbentrop seemed to have nothing to say either on this or on the vital political issues involved. One could trust him not to back up his own people.

As for Cicero, he was suddenly in danger, in very great danger. It was evident that both at the British

Embassy in Ankara and in London suspicions were now aroused. However as yet these suspicions did not seem to point in any particular, let alone the right, direction.

How far von Papen's *démarche* with the Turkish Foreign Minister ultimately effected the further course of Operation Cicéro I cannot say. It is certain, though, that once the suspicions of the British were aroused, they made intense efforts to find out from where the German Ambassador was getting his information. These efforts culminated in the behaviour of my own secretary, Elisabet. That, however, was considerably later. She did not reach Ankara until early in the New Year.

Towards the middle of December our Press Attaché, Seiler, had had to go to Sofia on official business. While there he went through the first of the American air-raids on that city. They were not very severe as yet. But he was amazed to see that there were practically no anti-aircraft defences nor any appreciable air-raid defence organisation to protect the people of Sofia from the enemy bombers.

It was in the air-raid shelter of the German Legation, during one of these raids, that Seiler first met Elisabet and her parents. Elisabet's father, a career diplomat of the old school, held a highly responsible position at the Legation there.

Elisabet herself had some sort of secretarial job. She was supposed to be very highly strung; she took the raids very badly, and her parents felt that her nerves were near breaking point. Her father adored her, and he asked Seiler if he could possibly find some position for Elisabet either with the Ankara Embassy or with the Istanbul Consulate. He felt that it was

essential for his daughter to have a rest in a neutral country.

When he got back to Ankara Seiler told me about this. He knew that I was looking urgently for a second secretary, since my work had much increased and Schnürchen could still only type with one hand.

So far as my requirements went, Elisabet sounded exactly the sort of girl I was looking for – the daughter of a highly respected German diplomat, herself experienced in secretarial work and in the diplomatic service, an excellent linguist, and, by reason of her background and upbringing, bound to be thoroughly reliable. In view of Operation Cicero the last consideration was far and away the most important.

I discussed the matter with the Ambassador. He had no objection to Elisabet's transfer from Sofia to Ankara. He was sympathetic about the girl's nervous state, and he also knew and respected her father. As for the Chief of Personnel at the Foreign Ministry in Berlin, Herr Schröder, he too had no objections. The only person who might make difficulties about it was Kaltenbrunner; in view of Operation Cicero he too had to be consulted about all changes of personnel. Since there was a slight delay in receiving his approval, I wrote a long letter, pointing out that I could not handle all my work without some additional help.

The reply I received was the offer of a male secretary to be sent from Berlin. The implication was obvious, and I did not care for the idea of having one of Kaltenbrunner's stool-pigeons sent to spy on me. All I wanted was a reliable girl who could type and who had a fair knowledge of English and French.

The fact that I was responsible for Operation Cicero presumably put me in a fairly strong position. I finally did obtain Kaltenbrunner's consent, and so Elisabet, whom I had never seen, was transferred from Sofia to Ankara.

She arrived in the first week of January. I went to meet her at the station. The first impression she made on me was appalling. She struck me as a perfectly dreadful woman. I realise now that I should have followed my instincts and shipped her straight back to Sofia. It would have saved me untold anguish had I done so.

I am not, I think, unduly squeamish, but her appearance when she stepped off that train at Ankara was a distinct shock. She was a platinum blonde in her middle twenties, of average height, with long, stringy, untidy hair. Her eyes were dull, with a sort of glazed expression. Her skin was greasy and had an unhealthy, greyish tinge. She was altogether a most unattractive sight.

I persuaded myself that her appearance was probably due to the long journey and the hard time she had had at Sofia. It struck me, even, as sad that so young a girl, and one who obviously could be good-looking, should be so utterly unkempt. I took her to the small hotel where I had booked a room for her, and then to my house where my wife had prepared supper for her.

My wife was equally taken aback by Elisabet. She offered her the use of her bathroom, but Elisabet declined it and sat down to table without even washing her hands. What little she said during that meal was either superficial or silly or both. She was so lackadaisical that it seemed as though she found it

too much trouble even to utter the commonplace trivialities of polite society. She had a most irritating way of trying to appear blasée, bored, and sophisticated. She seemed completely uninterested in this strange new city, built to order on a barren plain. She seemed, in fact, uninterested in everything. There was, so far as I could discover, no point of human contact to be made with her. From the moment I met her, Elisabet was an enigma to me. She still is.

Even Seiler, who had spoken about her to us in the first place, could not understand her attitude. During the next few weeks he frequently told me that the Elisabet he saw in Ankara seemed a different person from the girl he had known in Sofia. Whatever the reason for this sudden change may have been, I never found it out.

The day after I arrived, Elisabet fell ill. Her only symptom, so far as I could see, was that her face swelled up in an alarming manner. I arranged for a doctor to attend her, which was not so easy as it sounds, since to start with she refused all medical treatment. My wife went to see her, but the girl was quite unresponsive and apathetic, and silent to the point of rudeness. A few days later, when I went to call on her myself, I noticed on her bedside table some boxes of sleeping pills. It occurred to me then that the girl's strange state might be due to an exaggerated use of sedatives. I told the doctor about this.

I realise now that I interfered too much. She did not want to leave her hotel, but she could speak no Turkish and none of the servants knew any other language. I felt sure that she was not being properly looked after. So, against her will, I persuaded her to

move into the house of some friends of my wife and myself. There Elisabet was treated as though she were one of their own children, but she still remained quite unresponsive to their kindness. She was irritable and, at times, downright rude.

'Perhaps she is in pain,' I said, by way of apology, to her kind hostess. It all seemed most odd.

After ten days the doctor said she was well enough to return to work, or more exactly, to start work. This was the first time she had appeared in my office. I gave her simple jobs to do to start with, mainly translations from the British and French Press. Her work proved thoroughly unsatisfactory, full of mistakes and oversights and very untidily presented. This, at least, I did not expect, since her linguistic qualifications were really excellent. She spoke English and French with scarcely a trace of a foreign accent.

I think I have made it clear by now that she was a nuisance rather than a help. Yet, since I asked so urgently that she be sent to me from Sofia, I felt I must make the best of it. Moreover, I still hoped that in time she might get over her really intolerable lethargy and might stop being so slovenly. To make her feel that she was being trusted, and so to encourage her, I let her deal from time to time with slightly more confidential matters than mere press translations. Of course I told her nothing about Cicero, but I did try to awaken her interest in her work by treating her more as a confidential secretary than as an ordinary typist. This was an appalling mistake, as things turned out, but it is always easy to be wise after the event. At the time I thought it might help. I have already described Elisabet's

appearance when she stepped off the train at Ankara. I thought then that she would surely do something about her looks when she had recovered from the exhaustion of her journey and of the Sofia raids. I was wrong. She remained incredibly slovenly, even dirty. Like most men, I suppose, I find the daily spectacle of an ill-dressed, untidy woman distressing and disagreeable. I certainly did not want one in my office. Yet I did not know quite what to do about it, so I did nothing.

Finally, one day when I was leaning over her looking at some papers on her desk, I noticed an unpleasant smell coming from her head. This, I felt, was more than I need put up with. So, when she had left the room, I asked my good friend Schnürchen to suggest to the girl, as tactfully as possible, that there were excellent hairdressing establishments in Ankara.

Elisabet, being highly sensitive, seemed to guess that that tactful suggestion came originally from me. And she resented it, though she did go to the hairdresser. When she came back she looked a different girl, and from then on, apart from occasional relapses, she seemed to go to the other extreme, spending a lot of time and money on her appearance. Still, she certainly made me aware of her resentment at my interference. For several days she would not speak to me at all.

I was too trusting in regard to Elisabet and that was a serious mistake which, heaven knows, I paid for later on. A more serious one was my reluctance to interfere in her private life. I soon learned that she was having an affair with one of the two German deserters interned at Ankara, the men I called Hans

and Fritz earlier in the story. I cannot now remember which one it was.

That sort of gossip is an unpleasant but inescapable part of life in a small social group abroad. I have always hated gossip and done my best to ignore it. I felt that my secretary's private life was entirely her own affair and absolutely no concern of mine. I dare say in theory I was right. Had I been an ordinary business man, for example, there would have been no harm done. I should have realised that the safes of ordinary business men do not often contain papers such as the Cicero documents. Again it is easy to be wise after the event.

After a time Elisabet left my friends' house and took a flat in one of the many apartment houses in Ankara. Here again, had I been a little more inquisitive, I might have found out in time that the apartment above Elisabet's was occupied by an employ   at the British Embassy.

A small pebble can start a landslide. Elisabet was to play a decisive part in Operation Cicero, and one that from our point of view was wholly disastrous. She would probably never have become involved in it at all, at least certainly not in the r  le she ultimately assumed, if she had liked me. Looking back on it all now, I can see, I think, the occasion on which she started to dislike me, the exact moment at which the small pebble was dislodged. Granted she was a neurotic creature, even so it seems a most trivial incident.

One day I was dictating to her in my office. She had crossed her knees in such a way as to reveal a great deal of her very shapely legs. This irritated me: to be quite frank, it disturbed my train of thought

as I walked up and down the room dictating. After some minutes of this, as I passed her, I stopped and, with some joking remark, pulled down her skirt an inch or two. She blushed furiously. She said nothing, but at that moment I was quite certain that she hated me.

CHAPTER EIGHT



THE keys made in Berlin fitted the British Ambassador's safe perfectly. Cicero told me that he could now do most of his work while his chief was out. Knowing this, whenever I saw the distinctive dark blue Rolls Royce in the streets of Ankara, I used to wonder what Cicero was getting for us now.

He got a lot, but keys or no keys he never again approached the results achieved in December. There was good reason for this. Conditions at the British Embassy were not nearly so easy for Cicero as they had been.

He, of course, knew nothing about von Papen's talk with Numan Menemencioglu and the latter's subsequent conversation with Knatchbull-Hugessen. Nor could he have had any suspicions about Whitehall's strong reaction to that conversation. But he certainly saw the practical results, for British security measures were immediately and rigorously tightened up.

As early as mid-January, Cicero told me, various men began arriving at the British Embassy from London, apparently engaged on mysterious errands. It seemed obvious to me that they were doing a security check-up and I guessed that the British authorities suspected that the leakage was somewhere inside their Embassy. Cicero told me that all the safes were being fitted with specially devised safety alarms. Behind locked doors and curtained

windows a great deal of very confidential work was going on.

It was a dangerous situation for Cicero. A wiser man would have been satisfied with what had already been done and would have called the whole thing off then and there. Cicero could still have got out at that time. He had already received well over £200,000 from me, which should have been enough to keep him in all the luxury he wanted for the rest of his life.

But not Cicero. I think it was less greed on his part – though those bundles of notes, £10,000 at a time in exchange for a few photographs, must have been very attractive – but rather the feeling of power he derived from what he was doing. Undoubtedly, though, the bank-notes helped too.

A date of great importance in Operation Cicero was January 14th, 1944. On that day any doubts Berlin might still harbour about the genuineness of the documents were dispelled once and for all and in a singularly ghastly manner. In the sort of business in which I was engaged, one is apt to forget that what is really at stake is the lives of human beings. On January 14th I was to be forcibly reminded of that fact.

Among the documents provided by Cicero in December was a copy of the minutes of military staff talks held at Teheran during the conference there. It had then been decided to start a series of heavy bombing attacks on the capitals of the Balkan countries allied to Germany – that is Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria. The first city on the list was Sofia, and the raid was to take place on January 14th. Thanks to Cicero, Berlin, as well as the German authorities

on the spot, knew of this plan well over two weeks before that date.

If this raid came off, Berlin informed me, this would be final proof of the genuineness of the Cicero documents; nothing less than the death of thousands of innocent civilians would convince Ribbentrop and Kaltenbrunner. It was awful to be in my position that day, knowing what was going to happen and being quite unable to do anything to prevent it. I, at any rate, had no doubts that Cicero's photographs told the truth and that the raid would come off.

Late on January 14th I put through a call to the German Legation at Sofia. The tension of waiting had become intolerable and I had to know what was going on there.

'The connection with Sofia is broken,' said the Ankara operator.

It was not until early morning on the 15th that I finally got through. I spoke to an official at our Legation who said:

'We've just had the heaviest raid yet. The whole town's on fire. Very heavy casualties.'

I wondered if Berlin was satisfied now. They had their proof. Cicero was genuine. Four thousand Bulgarians, men, women and children had vouched for it with their lives.

In the first week of February Cicero became active again. For a couple of weeks he had not dared to touch the safe. He said that before attempting another job he would have to find out how the newly installed safety devices worked.

'It took me a long time to find out,' he told me. 'Even so I might never have done it if I had not had a bit of luck. I happened to be in the next room while

the Ambassador was talking to some security experts from London. By listening to what they said I managed to pick up how the new devices worked.'

I did not at the time tell Cicero that he had given himself away: that he had tacitly admitted to a previous lie, when he had told me that he could speak no English. I had never really believed that that was the truth. Obviously if, by listening at a door, he could follow a conversation which must have been of a highly technical nature, it followed that his mastery of English must be at least as good as I had always suspected it to be.

I did not say this to Cicero. Nor did I tell Berlin. It would have done no good and would merely have meant more trouble for me. They would probably have sent another specialist to Ankara, this time perhaps an English-speaking psychologist with a suitcase full of truth drugs.

A few days later Cicero told me that the Ambassador's safe had jammed and could not be opened. Something had apparently gone wrong with one of the newly installed safety devices. The British sent for the appropriate experts and tools, which were flown out from England, and finally the safe was opened again. According to Cicero, he managed to be present while this was being done and thus saw exactly how these new security devices worked. He said that it was only this lucky chance that enabled him to find out how to open the safe once more.

This struck me as an extraordinarily unlikely tale, yet Cicero made it sound quite plausible. He certainly would have had the nerve to try to stand around while the safe was being repaired. But I simply could not believe that he would have been allowed to do so.

It seemed to me that he would certainly have been sent out of the room while this sort of work was being done. British officials are by no means fools and the British security system is a very thorough organisation. The story struck me as unlikely in the extreme. Furthermore, I only had Cicero's unsupported word that all these allegedly complicated safety measures had been installed at all. On the other hand, knowing that British suspicions had been aroused by their discovery of the extent to which the German Ambassador knew their secrets, it was logical that they should tighten up their security measures.

Cicero told me a lot of highly involved stories about the complex new arrangements for guarding the safe, involving electro-magnetic devices, infra-red rays and so on. I think he said all this merely to stress his own ingenuity in dealing with these new difficulties, and I suspect that a great part of it was made up.

His motive, plainly enough, was to increase his price again. He maintained that the work was now so difficult and so dangerous that he must have at least double his present fee; that is, he wanted £20,000 per roll of film, each guaranteed to contain a minimum of fifteen exposures. I refused to agree to this and we kept to the same price.

It was now that I realised why Cicero had lied to me about his knowledge of English. By telling me over and over again that he hardly knew a word of the language, he implied that he obviously could not judge the importance of the documents he photographed. Therefore, since he could not guarantee to deliver only the highest level material, we would

have to pay for all the rolls he brought us even if some of them should be of no interest to Berlin.

Up to February this issue had not arisen. In the early days, and particularly in December, almost everything that Cicero gave us was extremely valuable. Now, however, he was up against difficulties he had not had to face before. It was no longer easy, if indeed it was possible at all, for him to get at the really top secret documents, so he began to make use of the scheme he had so carefully planned from the very beginning. He did not then realise that I had never believed the story about his ignorance of English, and that he had given himself thoroughly away in the matter of the overheard conversation.

One day he delivered me a roll of films containing considerably more than the fifteen shots. After I had developed and enlarged it I found that all it contained was a very long, and incidentally incomplete, statement of accounts of petty expenditure within the British Embassy. It would have been meaningless even if it had been complete and, of course, it had no value for us whatsoever. Furthermore, I considered it most unlikely that the Ambassador would keep this sort of thing in his private safe. For this roll Cicero demanded his usual £10,000.

I told him that I could not possibly pay for that sort of rubbish. Cicero insisted that I knew perfectly well that he could not understand English, and hence that he had never been able to judge the value of what he photographed. Therefore, he demanded his usual payment.

It seemed very simple to me. Being unable to get at documents of even minor importance, he had deliberately produced this worthless stuff to see if

he could get away with it. If he could he would presumably go on doing so as long as the contents of the Ambassador's safe were denied him, And that might be for ever.

Therefore, I said that I would have to refer the matter to Berlin. I was in enough trouble already in that quarter, and I did not wish to be accused of wasting £10,000 of Government money on trash of this sort. So I simply sent off the roll of film and the enlargements, with a covering letter explaining why I had refused to pay.

Berlin's reply, which came by the next courier, was a surprise. I was curtly told to pay Cicero his £10,000 and informed that this roll had proved extremely valuable.

When I handed him the money he grinned broadly. I knew him well enough by now to have no hesitation in saying that I entirely disagreed with Berlin and that I was well aware of the game he was playing.

He shrugged his shoulders and said that henceforth he would only select documents classified TOP SECRET, MOST SECRET, or SECRET. His English, he explained, was good enough for him to be able to recognise those words.

From then on, as a matter of fact, we frequently spoke in English together. It was a considerable improvement on his horrible French. As for the incomplete expense account from the British Embassy, I still have no idea why Berlin regarded this as being of the slightest value.

At the end of January I went to Brussa for a few days. It was my first leave since arriving in Turkey, and I felt I well deserved it. For at least a week I was determined to forget all about Cicero.

Brussa is a lovely city, one of the oldest in Turkey and a famous watering place. It was particularly beautiful at that time of year, with a hint of spring already in the air. The sun was perfect, and in the distance rose the exquisite peak of Uludag, still with its white mantle of snow. I looked forward to a quiet week in that lovely place. I was not to get it. I had hardly been there a day when a telephone call from Ankara put an end to my holiday.

An official had vanished from the Istanbul Consulate. It was almost certain that he had deserted to the British. Since I happened to know the man, and since the head of his department was a good friend of mine, I was required to return to Ankara at once. Also there was the question of whether the man's defection had had any repercussions on my own work. My department had been in close contact with the Istanbul Consulate. I returned to Ankara that evening, deeply worried. That desertion, which was the first of a series, caused a considerable sensation. The man concerned was quite young and very much under the influence of his wife who was many years older than he. He had occupied a key position in the *Abwehr*, the Military Intelligence Service, and he had taken with him information that would prove of great value to Germany's enemies in Turkey. It was all extremely unpleasant for my friend who was the head of the department in which the deserter had worked. He had had absolutely no suspicion that his trusted assistant was contemplating anything of the kind. Now he was held at least partially responsible for what had happened. For a long time, even though he was himself an extremely able and conscientious official, his future hung on a very thin thread indeed.

Shortly afterwards there was a second case of desertion and, within a few days, a third.

Elisabet, usually so silent and lethargic, worked herself up into quite a state over all this. She said she could not understand how any German could go over to the enemy while his country was engaged in a life and death struggle. She regarded such behaviour as the most despicable thing a man could do.

I was somewhat taken aback by her vehemence. It was not that I had the slightest suspicion that she herself might be a potential spy, but rather that it was so unusual for Elisabet to show any excitement, or even interest, about anything.

I must say that this sign that she was getting over her habitual indifference pleased me. Under the impact of these sensational events she became quite talkative. She told me one day about her two brothers, who were officers serving at the front. She spoke at length about the duty of every non-combatant to help the soldiers who day and night were risking their lives for Führer and Fatherland. Elisabet's little speech would have made an excellent leading article for one of Dr Goebbels' newspapers. That, no doubt, is where she got it.

At the office this sort of talk did not impress us very much. My own feeling was satisfaction at seeing her show some sign of vitality, even if it only took the form of parrot-like repetition of propaganda. It was a turn for the better, and, what is more, it seemed to last. Elisabet began to accept invitations to parties, which was a thing she had never done before. She even laughed sometimes, which was also a change, and once or twice she went so far as to make a joke herself. Her pale eyes, usually so dull,

began to show signs of a sparkle. It seemed as though my hopes of winning her confidence were being realised. She came to my house on occasions now, and I arranged for her to be invited out by my colleagues. In fact we went to a great deal of trouble to make the girl feel that she was liked and was one of us.

Yet there was always something strange about her. It was difficult not to be irritated by her sudden fits of looking and behaving as though she were so utterly bored. Many times at parties I saw a group of cheerfully chattering people fall silent as Elisabet approached. She was that sort of girl. Still, she did seem to be improving.

We would occasionally talk together, and once we had a short conversation which, though at the time I attached no importance to it, in retrospect seems to have considerable significance.

We were alone in my office. I was drafting a report and she was busy translating an article from *The Times*. Suddenly she looked up and said:

'Do you think Germany can still win the war?'

'Of course I do,' I replied, somewhat abruptly. I do not like being interrupted by casual conversation when I am concentrating.

'Why do you think so? The position looks very bad on all the fronts, doesn't it?'

I pushed my paper and pencil to one side and looked up at her.

'Yes, things do look bad. And I don't believe in miracles either, not in the middle of the twentieth century. What with American material and Russian man-power the war is theoretically lost, I agree. But weight and numbers are not everything. There's still

politics and diplomacy. A war is only finally lost when a country is defeated in those fields too.'

'And if that should happen?'

'Then it would be God's will. There'd be nothing we could do about it.'

'But isn't there any way out?'

'Not for individuals. At least I don't think so. It's as though we were all sitting in a very fast train headed for a crash. A man is as likely to break his neck by jumping out as by staying in. That is . . . if we are heading for a crash.'

'How about the emergency brake?'

Elisabet was now looking me full in the face, something she had hardly ever done before. I could not make out what it was that she was getting at.

'What you are saying,' I answered, 'is equivalent to trying to stop the wheels of destiny. I personally would never presume to try that merely for my own sake.'

It was not a very good answer, but it seemed to put an end to the conversation. Elisabet went back to her work and I gazed thoughtfully out of the window. Suddenly she asked:

'What do you think about the Istanbul desertions?'

'Not much; they've jumped out of the train too late. After a man's been on one side all these years, or at least not against it, he should not change over now. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. I can respect a man who has always been against us, or who left us before our failure was apparent or even probable. To do so now seems to me undignified to say the least. On the other hand I've no idea what private motives those deserters may have had.'

'There've been similar cases in Stockholm and Madrid, haven't there?'

'So I've heard.'

'Aren't there rather a lot of Germans turning traitor just now? Have you ever wondered what the real reason is?'

'Yes, I have, I can give you a sort of answer. It seems to me that people are so deeply shocked by the act of treason that no one has ever had the courage to look for the reasons behind that act. As you say, it is becoming quite a common thing just now. If the German leaders understood the cause they would perhaps eliminate the effect. But then psychology has never been a strong point with us Germans.'

Elisabet nodded. She seemed sunk deep in thought.

It was a long time before I thought of that conversation again. Meanwhile the very next morning Elisabet was to puzzle me again.

When I arrived in my office I found her hunched over her desk, crying her heart out. I asked her as gently as I could, what the matter was. She did not answer and just went on sobbing hysterically.

There was nothing I could do. Schnürchen, when she came in a little later, managed partially to calm the girl down. Elisabet never told either her or me the reason for that sudden outburst of tears. I suggested she go home and have a good rest. I told her not to come back until she felt up to work again.

She went without a word. In the afternoon she was back. She mumbled a few words of apology and went on with the unfinished translation on her desk. The result was very poor indeed, being full of typing errors and other mistakes. I corrected them without reproaching her. To tell the truth, I was afraid of provoking another outburst of hysteria.

I kept an eye on Elisabet for the rest of that afternoon as she was clearly in a bad way. She would stare out of the window for minutes on end, sighing deeply. On one or two occasions I noticed that she reached for the French dictionary while doing an English translation, and that it took her some time to notice her mistake.

Next day, though, she seemed entirely recovered. She was carefree and more cheerful than I had ever seen her before. It was hard to believe that the same girl, twenty-four hours ago, had been sobbing uncontrollably.

I suggested to Schnürchen, when Elisabet was out of the room, that perhaps she was involved in an unhappy love affair but Schnürchen did not think that that was the explanation.

Then, one day in March, Schnürchen went down with 'flu. She was very rarely sick, and it was extraordinarily bad luck that it should have happened just then. In any event I was now left alone with Elisabet. I must admit that she did her best not to let me down. She worked very hard, and far more conscientiously than usual. She was certainly trying to handle all the extra work, a great deal of which was quite unfamiliar to her.

The worst day of each week was always the one before the departure of the courier plane. It generally involved working until late in the night so as to have everything ready for the post that left at noon next day. Late in the afternoon on one of these busy days, when I had finished dictating, Elisabet, without any suggestion from me, volunteered to stay on and finish the work so that there would be no rush in the morning. I was very tired and appreciated her offer.

I went home and for the first time left her the key to the safe. I was so exhausted that I went straight to bed. But I could not sleep. Towards midnight I began to worry about having left the key with Elisabeth. It was not that I suspected her of anything; no such idea even occurred to me. I was merely afraid that, being the scatterbrain she was, she might forget to lock the safe properly or even lose the key on her way home.

There was no sense in my lying there, fretting. I got up, dressed and drove to the Embassy. A light still shone in my office. The heavy curtains were not drawn, and against the blind I could see Elisabeth's shadow as she moved about.

When I entered the room she was seated at her typewriter. She jumped as I came in.

'It's high time you were in bed, Elisabeth. Never mind if you haven't quite finished. We've got the whole morning tomorrow you know.'

'But I prefer working at night and I'm not a bit tired,' she said.

I was in no mood to argue. I insisted on her knocking off at once. She got up reluctantly enough. The key was in the safe and when all the papers had been put away I locked it. Then I put the key in my pocket.

Elisabeth looked straight at me, and an expression of sadness came over her face.

'Don't you trust me? Your other secretary is allowed to keep the key.'

'If I didn't trust you I shouldn't have let you have it in the first place. I'm taking it now merely because it worries me not to have it with me and I want to sleep peacefully tonight.'

She said again that she was afraid I did not trust her. Two big tears rolled down her cheeks. There was a look in her eyes as though she were a dog I had unjustly beaten. It made me feel a brute, but I said nothing. Neither did she, and so we walked out to my car in silence. I offered to give her a lift home, but she declined it abruptly.

The next few days were uneventful. I had no complaints to make about Elisabet's behaviour. One day, during the luncheon break, she came into my office with two letters in her hand. They were, she said, from her brother on the Eastern front. She seemed to be deeply devoted to this brother and was always happy when she heard from him. Would I care to read the letters?

I have never had any particular desire to read correspondence not addressed to me. However, I did not want to hurt her feelings, so I took the letters. Besides, if I had not there was always the danger of another outburst.

I began to read rather unwillingly. My mood soon changed. After only a few lines I was deeply impressed. Her brother must have been a fine man, and he certainly knew how to express himself. Most soldiers' letters are wooden and uninteresting. A few are filled with windy sentiment and pseudo-patriotic nonsense. This was neither. It was the simple record of the feelings of an honest young man who was doing a grim job as well as he could, and who was deeply worried about the future of his country and of the people and the home he loved.

I was sincerely moved, though rather embarrassed by the presence of Elisabet. She had sat down opposite me, her big, pale eyes fixed on my face, as though

she wished to drag my innermost thoughts from me. I could not understand why she had wanted me to read her brother's letters.

When I had finished them I handed them back to her, and thanked her for having allowed me to see them. A few minutes later she was again leaning on her typewriter, sobbing bitterly.

These sudden outbursts of tears and hysteria occurred every few days. Between them Elisabet presented an equally pointless and unbalanced appearance of cheerfulness.

I never could make out what was the matter with her. Whatever it was, it certainly interfered hopelessly with the work that had to be done in my office. Finally I felt compelled to go to the Ambassador and tell him about it. Somehow I had to get rid of Elisabet and I asked him for his help.

Herr von Papen was not at all enthusiastic to start with. As he pointed out, it was I who had asked for her and who had been responsible for all the complicated machinations to obtain her transfer. If she now turned out to be no good, I had no one to blame but myself.

'I quite agree, sir,' I said; 'and I wouldn't dream of bothering you with this if it weren't for Operation Cicero. So long as I'm responsible for that I don't feel I can afford to have such a stupid and hysterical girl in my department. The trouble with women like Elisabet is that they're entirely unpredictable. I'm sure that there's nothing intrinsically dangerous about the girl, but I would certainly say that in her present state we're running a risk in having her in my office at all.'

The Ambassador became thoughtful.

'What can we do?' he said, drawing circles absent-mindedly on the blotter before him. 'If I send in a report saying she's no good at her job, they'll ship her off to Germany and put her in a munitions factory. Frankly I wouldn't like to be responsible for that, if only for her father's sake. It wouldn't do the girl any good, either; in fact it would probably be the end of her. I think what I'd better do is to write a personal letter to her father, telling him of her condition, and asking him to come and take her away. We could inform Berlin that she was sick and going for treatment. From what you tell me, that wouldn't be far from the truth.'

I was delighted with this truly diplomatic solution to the problem. He wrote to Elisabet's father by the next courier plane. She, of course, knew nothing about all this. For me, it was a great load off my mind.

Meanwhile I was seeing much less of Cicero these days. He did produce a roll of film from time to time: While some of the material he delivered was still quite interesting, it was nowhere near his former standard.

The probable reason was that, ever since the tightening up of security measures by the British, important documents only remained in the Ambassador's safe for as long as the Ambassador was dealing with them. Cicero was therefore more dependent on luck than he had previously been.

Even so, he did at that time have one considerable success. For several weeks we had noticed that many of the recent documents were hinting at what seemed to be an important operation, something that was absolutely secret. Once I had come across a new code

name: Operation Overlord. I racked my brain as to what this 'Overlord' might be, but without success. For a long time we had no indication at all. Nor was Berlin any the wiser, as I gathered from an urgent signal, repeated to most other Embassies and Legations, instructing all of us to find out at all costs what this code name meant. This was typical of many of the instructions we received from Berlin, in that there was no possible way of carrying it out.

I told Cicero that if, at any time, he heard the word 'Overlord' mentioned in the British Embassy, he was to memorise the exact context and report to me at once. He seemed quite uninterested and merely shrugged his shoulders. As usual, it was no use giving him orders.

For some time I had no clue as to the nature of Operation Overlord, save that it was something entirely new and appeared to be of great importance. Also, judging by the Cicero material, it seemed to be of a military, rather than a political, nature.

Then one day I recalled another passage in a Cicero document, which I soon found in my file. It was a signal from London to the British Ambassador in Ankara, insisting that certain Anglo-Turkish negotiations must be completed on or before May 15th. I had a feeling that this might have some bearing.

Then there were other passages in the Cicero file, extracts from the minutes of the Moscow and Teheran Conferences. Churchill, under considerable pressure from the Kremlin, had committed himself to opening a second front in Europe in 1944.

Finally, not only judging by internal evidence, but also by the very name itself, it became apparent that

Operation Overlord was planned by the Western Allies to be one of the decisive actions of the war.

I was now quite convinced that I had the answer. Operation Overlord was the code name for the second front.

I immediately sent a signal to Berlin, giving my theory and the reasons that led up to it in detail. A week later I received a laconic reply: 'Possible but hardly probable.'

So it was not until the early hours of June 6th, 1944, when the enormous Anglo-American armada appeared out of the dawn off the Normandy coast, that Germany received final confirmation of that mysterious code-word's real meaning.

It seems ironic that the last piece of invaluable information supplied by Cicero should have been treated by Berlin with exactly the same lack of comprehension as all the others.

I say the last piece, for indeed that roll of film with the reference to Operation Overlord, delivered at the beginning of March, was the last we ever had from Cicero.

Whether his greed for money was satisfied, or whether – as I think more likely – the work had become too dangerous even for him, I do not know. He never told me.

Nor did he ever definitely say that it was all over. I very much doubt if he either wanted or intended to stop. He certainly implied that he would be producing some more films before long, and I am sure that he meant to do so. It just happened that he did not get another chance.

The occasion of this final delivery was not the last time I saw Cicero. He met me a few days later to

collect the balance of the money owing to him. And even after that I saw him once or twice. The last occasion was only a few days before that ghastly April 6th, a day which, I imagine, decided his fate as it did mine. Meanwhile, at about that period, I sent Berlin a financial statement on Operation Cicero.

Cicero had received from me a sum totalling £300,000.

CHAPTER NINE



IT was bound to happen sooner or later. Towards the end of March Elisabet learned about Operation Cicero. I was in Istanbul on one occasion when the diplomatic bag from Berlin arrived in Ankara. Since Schnürchen was still away sick, Elisabet opened the correspondence addressed to my department. Generally great care was taken to put all messages referring to Cicero in a special envelope, addressed to me, and marked: STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL TO BE OPENED PERSONALLY. By a strange coincidence, on this one occasion the official in Berlin had forgotten about the special envelope. In consequence Elisabet opened it and read the message.

When I returned to Ankara she gave me the contents of the courier's pouch. She had done quite right in opening it, since I had given her no instructions not to do so. All the same I felt vaguely worried. I felt much more worried when she asked me, quite innocently:

'Who is Cicero?'

I ignored the question, pretending to be engrossed in my work and not to have heard. She repeated it.

'Listen,' I said, when I saw that I could not very well avoid answering her. 'There are certain matters I have to deal with entirely on my own. This is one of them. Please don't ask me any more questions because I shan't be able to answer them.'

'What a beast you are!' she said, with a coy smile 'Won't you ever learn to trust little Elisabet?'

'No, never,' I said with a laugh. I was glad that she was treating the whole thing so lightly, and I did my best to enter into her mood.

However I read the message with particular attention. Berlin's carelessness in the matter of the envelope was very unfortunate, since the message in question made it quite clear to anyone who read it that Operation Cicero referred to something going on inside the British Embassy.

I did not like it at all. All the same, it never occurred to me to suspect Elisabet, the daughter of a highly respected German diplomat, of being a potential spy. True, I did not like the girl, I loathed her hysterics and I wanted to be rid of her as soon as ever I could. But to regard her as a possible enemy agent - that was quite unthinkable. Her silly questions could be put down to mere feminine curiosity. So, at least, I thought at the time. Within an hour or two I had dismissed the incident from my mind.

A few days later, after office hours, I gave Elisabet a lift into town. She wanted to buy some things. When we reached Ankara's main shopping street, she asked me to accompany her while she bought lingerie. There was only one good shop of this sort in the town. I had no particular desire to go with her, but she could speak no Turkish and she asked me to help her make her purchases. Not wishing to offend her, and remembering that within a few days she would be gone, I went along.

She was a most difficult customer. The wretched attendant had piled up a regular mountain of materials on the counter, while Elisabet was trying to make up her mind. She was still undecided which one to choose when a tinkle at the shop bell made me

glance towards the door. Another customer had come in. It was Cicero.

Of course I ignored him. He stood first behind me, and then next to Elisabet, and he too gave no indication that he had ever seen me before in his life. He ordered shirts, made to measure, very expensive silk shirts. I remember thinking how foolish he was to display his wealth in this way; such childish ostentation would be the end of him yet.

When he had finished giving his order Elisabet was still not satisfied with the stuffs she had been shown. My knowledge of Turkish is limited and I had difficulty in explaining to the assistant what exactly it was she wanted.

Cicero, who spoke perfect Turkish, offered to act as interpreter. He did it with considerable charm and adroitness, speaking to Elisabet in French. I took no part in this conversation. To tell the truth, I was feeling thoroughly uncomfortable. I think that the whole situation amused Cicero, though.

Elisabet now wanted some underclothes made to measure. Cicero was standing beside her. He took one piece after another of the flimsy materials lying on the counter and draped himself in them, as though he were a professional mannequin. I must say he looked very funny doing it. Elisabet laughed, and they were obviously getting on very well together. They smiled and joked as though they had known one another for years instead of minutes. When finally Elisabet decided which material she wanted, and the shopgirl proceeded to take her measurements, she blushed slightly. Cicero, nothing if not a gentleman, looked discreetly the other way.

Then he asked her if she was German, and when

she said she was, he enquired politely if she enjoyed the life in Ankara.

'Very much indeed,' she replied, with a smile.

I kept well in the background, listening attentively. They both seemed to have forgotten my existence completely.

Cicero, after paying for his shirts from a huge roll of notes among which I thought I saw many ten pound ones, left the shop ahead of us. Before doing so he took his leave of Elisabet with an accomplished, if somewhat exaggerated, bow. Then, while no one was looking, he gave me a broad wink. There was a knowing and cynical smile on his lips.

Neither he nor I suspected that a few days later, if it had not already happened, Elisabet was to decide the fate of both of us. And she, of course, had no idea that this friendly, elderly man was the Cicero about whom she had been questioning me.

So far as I know this was the only occasion on which Cicero and Elisabet actually met.

At length Herr von Papen received an answer from Elisabet's father. The delay was due to his having been suddenly transferred to Budapest; also his wife was seriously ill. For these reasons he was unable to collect his daughter until after Easter. With apologies for the delay, he thanked the Ambassador for his solicitude and expressed his own deep concern about his daughter's state of health.

I was delighted to learn that I should be rid of Elisabet after Easter. It was not very long to wait. Also she was behaving a little better these days. Her appearance had improved, she was less unbalanced than formerly, and at times she was actually quite cheerful. Occasionally, though, she would gaze at me in a queer, brooding

manner. I had a feeling that she wished to ask me something but did not quite dare to do so.

One small incident should have made me think, trivial though it was. In retrospect I can see what had been going on. At the time I failed to attach any significance to it.

It was a fine spring morning. Work was slack, and Elisabet took the opportunity to ask me politely if I could spare a few minutes for a friend of hers in the *Luftwaffe*, the man I have called Hans. She said he was looking for work. It was not so much earning money that interested him, though of course he would like to make a little something over and above his small allowance from the Embassy; what he really wanted was some regular occupation, since he was tired of sitting around all day with nothing to do. Could I perhaps find some odd job or other for him in my office? Or if this were not possible, would I perhaps be willing to take him on as my chauffeur?

She was evidently anxious to help the young man, and of course I remembered the gossip I had heard about her having an affair with one of them. I agreed to see him.

Next day both the flyers came to my office. It was the first time I had ever talked to them, though I knew them by sight. They sat down modestly, and even somewhat timidly, smoked the cigarettes I offered them, and wasted a lot of my time by perorating about the Fatherland, a soldier's duties and their own particular desire to get back to the front and fight for the Führer. Unfortunately, having given their word to the Ambassador, they could not escape from internment as otherwise they would most assuredly have done long ago.

Finally they came to the point and asked me if I could give them a job. It did not matter what it was so long as they could make enough to pay for their cigarettes. Even that was a detail; all they really wanted was to make themselves useful and work for Germany. Elisabet had told them how very kind I was and that I was one of the few departmental chiefs in the Embassy willing to bother with other people's personal problems . . . well, that was why they had ventured to ask to see me.

I let them finish their rather lengthy speech without interrupting, while I did my best to size them up. Finally I gave them the only possible answer: with the best will in the world there was nothing I could do for them. They could not get any job with the Embassy without special permission from the Foreign Ministry, even if it was entirely unpaid.

But could I not take one of them on as my personal driver? Surely I would not require permission from Berlin for that, and they were both expert motor mechanics. I said that I was sorry, but that too was out of the question.

They left my office reluctantly. I was glad to see the last of them. I did not care for either of them. There was something definitely wrong about their manner, polite and even subservient as it had been.

Elisabet never mentioned the flyers to me again, but her behaviour left not the slightest doubt in my mind that she deeply resented my refusal to help her friends.

That same morning our Air Attaché spoke to me as I was walking through the Embassy gardens on my way home to lunch.

He had noticed the two airmen leaving my office.

Did I know, he asked me, that an official enquiry had been sent to *Luftwaffe* headquarters about these two? They had made mutually contradictory statements about their famous emergency landing. Furthermore, the Air Attaché went on, he had heard that they were on extremely friendly terms with my secretary. In view of the enquiry that was pending, had I not better instruct her to give up this dubious friendship? He would have come to my office and told me this, only for obvious reasons he preferred not to speak of it in front of my secretary.

The Air Attaché was a pompous fellow.

'It seems to me high time, General,' I said 'that this matter was cleared up once and for all. People here have been gossiping about those two for months; so far as I can remember your official enquiry was sent in some time last year. How can I tell my secretary not to see the two men before we have a definite answer to it? Should the men be what they say they are, I'd have been guilty of making an extremely slanderous insinuation – which is a serious matter. Between you and me, I don't like the look of them any more than you do. But that's hardly a good enough reason for forbidding my secretary to dine with them. Incidentally, they came to see me this morning to ask me for a job.'

'What did you say?' asked the General.

'I told them as politely as possible that I could do nothing for them.'

'Good, I'm glad of that. I expect to have the answer to my enquiry any day now. I'll let you know as soon as it comes in.'

I thanked the General and went off to lunch with one more load on my mind.

A few days later there was another scene in the office, with Elisabet once again in floods of tears. This time I was, I suppose, a little to blame.

Schnürchen had been on leave for just over a week and, as I said, Elisabet had done the extra work remarkably well. She turned out to be far more reliable than I had expected. I had to leave her in charge of the office for hours on end when the Ambassador sent for me or I was attending official meetings. She always looked after everything quite satisfactorily in my absence. Incidentally, by now she was more or less well-informed about the nature of Operation Cicero, though she knew nothing of the details.

Then Schnürchen came back, and once again took over the main part of the work, as reliable and punctilious as ever. So Elisabet went back to her translations from the foreign press. Despite her excellent knowledge of languages, she had always been very bad at this sort of work. The reason was that she clearly disliked it. Her typescripts were full of errors, grammatical faults and simple mistakes in translation. I invariably had to correct them, which I did without comment. I wanted to avoid scenes.

But on that particular morning she produced a translation so hopelessly inadequate that I lost patience.

'I've no use for this sort of work,' I said, showing my annoyance. 'The thing's one mass of idiotic mistakes. I know perfectly well that you can do much better than this. You'll have to do it again.'

I shoved the typescript back at her, and at once I realised the mistake I had made. I should not have lost my temper. After all, she would soon be gone.

Elisabet's face went white with anger. She took the typewritten pages, gave me a murderous look, and left the room without a word. In the ante-room she savagely tore up the typescript into small pieces. Then she flung herself into an armchair and burst into tears.

I could hear her sobs from my office, and I went out to her.

'Now listen, Elisabet,' I said, with almost exaggerated calm, 'do try to be more reasonable. We all have to put up with being scolded from time to time. Don't you think that the Ambassador reprimands me when I do something wrong?'

'It's not that,' she said, her voice muffled by tears. 'It's the way you don't trust me. Nothing but those horrible, dull translations. I can't bear it any more. Won't you let me do some proper work for you again?'

I had no idea what to do with this hysterical creature. I see now that the most sensible line to take would have been one of kindly firmness. She was close to a break-down and I should have been extremely gentle with her. But I was too irritated. Besides, I had tried that and there had been no end to these scenes.

'If you don't like your work here, you'd better go back to your old job in Sofia if that's what you want. I'll see that it's arranged at once.'

Elisabet raised her head; tears were still streaming down her face.

'So you want to get rid of me!' she whispered. Her voice was husky and her lips trembled.

'No, I don't want you to go,' I lied, 'but if you're unhappy here I shan't stop you.'

Perhaps, I thought, perhaps she will say she would rather be in Sofia or with her father in Budapest. No such luck. All she did was turn on her heel, run out of the room, and slam the door behind her. Half an hour later she was back. She apologised for her behaviour. We were back exactly where we had been before.

My wife had already invited Elisabet to a small dinner party at our house that evening. I was curious to see whether or not she would now come. She did, though she arrived very late – so late that we had had to postpone dinner and the *soufflé* was ruined.

I noticed that she was even more nervous than usual. She was deadly pale, but that became her, for her eyes, by comparison, looked almost bright. She was wearing a beautiful, ivory-coloured dress that matched the pallor of her complexion. That evening she looked really very handsome.

At table she left her food almost untouched, nor did she drink her wine. She asked for water instead. She said hardly a word throughout the evening and seemed not to hear most of the remarks addressed to her. I had the impression that she was in a state of frantic anxiety, almost of terror.

It was only several weeks later that I learned the reason for Elisabet's strange behaviour that night. Before coming to our house she had gone to a doctor friend and had asked his advice as to whether or not she should accept our invitation. She was afraid that I might try to poison her.

On Monday, April 3rd, which was the first day of Easter week, Elisabet asked me, as soon as she had entered the office, if she might have a word with me in private. Schnürchen, with her usual tact, got up and went out.

'Now,' I said, when we were alone. 'What can I do for you?'

'Would it be possible for me to have a few days' leave over Easter? I should so love to spend the week with my parents in Budapest. I know I'm not due for it, but you see my brother's getting leave and he'll be there too.'

I was delighted at her request, and had to use considerable self-control not to show it. Once in Budapest, I thought, her father can keep her there. She would simply stay on, and I would have her luggage sent after her. I could have hugged her for her request. But I knew her well enough to be sure that if I let her see how glad I was to have her go, she would change her mind at once and probably refuse to do so.

So I frowned and played with a pencil on my desk.

'Hm . . .' I said. 'Not a very good moment for you to go off. You've still got a lot of work outstanding, I think, and . . .'

'It'd make me so terribly happy if you'd let me. And I promise I'll get everything finished by Thursday.'

'In that case,' I said, my expression becoming less severe, and stifling a sigh of relief, 'in that case, you can have your leave. You want to go on Thursday, you say?'

'The train that evening connects with the courier plane at Istanbul. Do you think it would be possible for me to get on it?'

'On the plane? I don't know,' I said, still trying to look stern. 'I'll see what I can do about getting you a seat.'

When I told the Ambassador about this stroke of good fortune he too was pleased.

'Excellent,' he said, 'A perfect solution. You'd better send her father an explanatory letter by the same plane. I'll see to it she has a seat.'

On Tuesday and Wednesday we did not see much of Elisabet in the office. She apologised politely, saying she still had a lot of shopping to do. I had no objections, even though she was clearly making no attempt to get her work finished before she left.

Once I saw her in town. She was carrying a large parcel.

'A new coat,' she said with a smile. 'For Easter in Budapest.'

On Wednesday, the day before her departure, she came to the office for a few hours. As she worked at her translations she was humming cheerfully to herself. She was obviously very grateful to me for having granted her leave. I was almost beginning to feel that I had been perhaps a little unjust to the girl.

She would be back in a week from today, she said. She would have had a good rest and be ready to get down to work in earnest. She wanted to promise me here and now that she would cause me no more trouble. She chattered merrily about her brother and how much she was looking forward to seeing him again.

I bought the ticket to Istanbul for her. As usual the clerk maintained that all seats on the train were sold out, and I had to pay double for the ticket. I did so gladly. I would willingly have paid three times the amount to get rid of her so easily.

On the Thursday morning, that is the 6th of April, 1944, Elisabet came to the office to say goodbye to Schnürchen and myself. She shook hands with

Schnürchen first, and promised to bring her back a delicious Hungarian Easter egg. Then she came over to me and thanked me once again for having been so kind. I said I would see her off on the train that afternoon. She told me please not to bother. But I had left her ticket at home. Furthermore, though I did not tell her this, I wanted to make sure she actually went.

'Then I shan't say goodbye just yet,' said Elisabet, 'since I'll be seeing you again before I go.'

When she left the office she was smiling. It was the only time I ever saw her looking happy.

By half past five I was at the station. The train was already standing at the platform, but there was still nearly half an hour before it was due to leave.

Herr von Papen was also there. He had not come to see Elisabet off but to make his farewells to the Spanish Ambassador who was leaving Ankara for good by the same train. I stood near the entrance of the station, as I did not wish to become mixed up in this 'semi-official business. I had Elisabet's tickets for the plane and the train in my pocket.

'Why can't that wretched girl be punctual?' I thought to myself, looking at my watch. However, there were still nearly fifteen minutes to spare.

I walked up and down the square in front of the station for a short time. Then I went back to the platform. Perhaps I had missed her and she was already on the train. There was no sign of her.

Five minutes before it was due to leave I began to get nervous. The Ambassador had said goodbye to his Spanish colleague, and was making his way towards his car. As he passed he evidently noticed my apprehension, for he said:

'Isn't she here yet, that secretary of yours?'

'No, sir.'

'Wants to make a nuisance of herself up to the last, eh?' Then he added: 'She'll probably turn up just as the train is pulling out. Some women are like that.'

And he went on.

Elisabet did not come. The train left without her. On it was the official courier and in his pouch my letter to her father.

I was really worried now. I went straight from the station to her apartment, which she had recently been sharing with another girl from the Embassy. It was this girl who answered the door bell.

'Where is Elisabet?' I asked.

She told me Elisabet had left the apartment at three o'clock with two big trunks and a suitcase. This seemed extremely odd to me.

I looked into her room, hoping to find some clue as to where she might have gone. There was nothing there. All the cupboards were empty. She seemed to have taken everything she possessed with her.

Finally, in a dusty corner I found Elisabet's old winter coat. That was the only thing she had left behind.

I was by now completely nonplussed. I sat on her bed and tried to think where she could possibly have gone.

Might she have had an accident? Or committed suicide? With Elisabet that was not impossible; she might have had one of her fits of manic depression. Where should I start to look for her? And why had she taken all her luggage? Since three that afternoon no other train had left Ankara, so presumably she was still somewhere in the town.

I went back to the Embassy and told Herr von Papen what had happened. I have seldom, if ever, seen him so angry.

'That's what you get for employing hysterical women in responsible positions,' he said.

I said nothing, while he paced up and down his office. He glanced at me from time to time and there was none of the usual kindness in his expression. Then he said:

'What are you going to do now?'

'I'll go on looking for her, and if I don't find her I suppose I'll have to tell Berlin and inform the Turkish police.'

Von Papen shook his head.

'Wait a bit before doing that. She may turn up. If we go to the Ankara police it might get into the papers, and we certainly don't want that sort of a scandal here. If the worst comes to the worst, and we have to inform the police, I'll have a word with the Foreign Minister first myself.'

I took my car out and hunted through every corner of Ankara. I sought out every acquaintance of Elisabeth's I could think of. Over and over again I asked the question:

'Have you seen my secretary by any chance?'

No one had.

Shortly before midnight I went to the hotel where the two German flyers were interned. The Turkish Security Officer would not let me in until I had identified myself as a member of the German Embassy. Then I was shown the way to the room occupied by Hans and Fritz.

I knocked. There was no reply, so I knocked again, rather sharply. An irritated voice asked me what I

wanted. I said who I was and that I must speak to them on an urgent matter. The door was unbolted by one of them, who was wearing pyjamas. At the far end of the room I could see the other one.

'Do you know where Elisabet is? She's completely vanished.'

'Why should I? I haven't seen her for several days. Anyhow she's not in here. As you can see for yourself!'

With a sneer he opened the door fully and ostentatiously stepped back so that I could see the whole room.

'Have you no idea where she might be?'

I looked him straight in the face as I asked this. He glanced down at the floor, avoiding my eyes. There was something definitely shifty about him as he stood there twiddling the doorknob in his hand. My question had evidently taken him unawares, but he soon regained his surly composure.

'I just told you. I haven't seen your secretary for over a week. Do you doubt my word?'

A few days before this man had humbly begged me to give him any sort of a job. There was nothing humble about him now. He said pointedly that he and his friend were tired and were going to bed now. I turned away without a word. The door banged behind me. I heard the key turn in the lock.

What was I to do now? I 'phoned our consulate at Istanbul and asked an official to meet the train that would get in from Ankara next morning. I gave an exact description of Elisabet. Perhaps she had been on the train after all and for some obscure reason had chosen to hide from me. There was really no accounting for her actions.

At midnight the next train left Ankara. It did not

go to Istanbul but to Adana. I searched this train, looking into every compartment, There was no trace of Elisabet. Then it occurred to me that maybe – provided she were still alive – she had motored out of Ankara and would get on this train at the first stop, which was about six or seven miles away. It was a far-fetched idea but I was getting near the end of my tether.

I jumped into my car and drove furiously through the night, trying to catch up with the train which had already left. I reached the station a minute before the train pulled in. No one got on it at all.

There was nothing more I could do that night. I sat at home and tried to think. Where on earth could she be? Had she made the same choice as the Istanbul deserters? In that case it meant ruin for me and possibly even death; a concentration camp, almost certainly.

But surely that was quite out of the question. After all, she came from one of the best families in Germany, her father was a fine man, a professional diplomat. No, I couldn't believe that.

Presumably she had been involved in an accident. We would find out all about it in the morning. And yet – how about her luggage? Her taking it all with her (and she could not be intending to try to get to Budapest by plane) must mean that she was not planning to come back. Therefore. . . . Try as I might, I could not put the idea of desertion out of my mind.

In the early hours of morning my wife found me asleep in an armchair. She asked no questions. She never did on matters connected with my official work and for this I was grateful to her. But she saw I was deeply worried.

At eight that morning I went again to the apartment house where Elisabet had lived. Weary, anxious and full of forebodings, I trudged slowly up the stairs. I was so deep in thought that I went one floor higher than I meant to do. I rang the bell without looking at the door. No answer. I rang again. The front door of the next apartment was opened by a stout, elderly lady. She told me that the gentleman was not at home.

‘What gentleman?’ I asked.

Then I noticed the card tacked to the door. The flat belonged to a junior secretary at the British Embassy. It seemed an unpleasant omen.

I felt more shaken than ever as I walked down the short flight to the floor below. I rang the right bell this time. All I learned was that Elisabet had not been back.

As soon as I thought he would be in his office I rang up a senior official at the Turkish Minister of the Interior, a friendly man whom I knew quite well. I asked him if he could see me at once on urgent and private business.

Sitting opposite him in his comfortable office, I told him all about Elisabet’s disappearance. I asked him if the Turkish authorities could discreetly help me to find the girl, adding that von Papen was most anxious for nothing to appear in the papers. He thought for some time before answering. Then he said:

‘I don’t believe that there’s been an accident or a suicide. If there had been I’d know of it by now. I’m afraid I think it far more likely that your secretary has followed the example of the German deserters in Istanbul. In fact, there seems to be hardly any doubt that that’s what she’s done.’

As he saw me to the door, he added:

'I hope for your sake I'm wrong.'

When I got to my office an answer had come in from Istanbul. They had sent a reliable man to meet the train. There had been no one on it who in any way fitted my description of Elisabet.

I had no choice now. Berlin must be informed. I drafted the most difficult signal of my life, reporting that my secretary had vanished without trace, and that while the possibilities of suicide or accident could not yet be ruled out it was equally possible that she had deserted to the British.

When I had despatched this signal I knew very well that with every hour that passed her desertion was more of a probability, until gradually it became a certainty.

The expected avalanche of excited signals began now to come in from Berlin, each of them asking questions I could not possibly answer. Needless to say, all these signals also contained a peremptory order to find out the girl's whereabouts at all costs. The accident or suicide theory did not find much credence in Berlin. I could hardly blame them for this. By now I had ceased to believe in it myself.

The days dragged by in a sort of nightmare. I was puzzled not to have heard from Elisabet's father, as he must have received my letter several days ago.

On the fifth day after Elisabet's disappearance I received a signal from Kaltenbrunner's office, ordering me to report to Berlin at once. I was to fly by the next courier plane. I took the night train to Istanbul on the 12th April. My plane for Berlin was leaving on the 14th. I had a shrewd idea of what was waiting for me when I should get there.

As soon as I arrived in Istanbul I borrowed a friend's car and spent most of the day driving aimlessly through the streets of that great city. I hoped quite illogically that Elisabet might be there and that by some coincidence I might run into her. I did not.

The German courier plane arrived on the afternoon of the 13th. The next morning it would take me to Berlin.

In the Consulate the mail bags were being sorted. I asked them to let me have a look to see if there was any mail for me.

There were two further messages from Kaltenbrunner and one from the Foreign Ministry. In each I was severely reprimanded for Elisabet's disappearance. They all stressed the fact that it was due entirely to my urgent request that the girl had been transferred from Sofia in the first place.

I put the signals back in the bag, and was about to lock it up, when I noticed a small brown envelope, also addressed to me. I opened it and as I read the few lines hastily scribbled on a sheet of writing paper my hands began to tremble.

The message was from a friend of mine in the Foreign Ministry. It simply said that I would almost certainly be arrested as soon as I set foot on German soil. In certain high places I was suspected of having encouraged and even helped my secretary to escape.

The conclusions to be drawn were obvious.

CHAPTER. TEN



I HAD no idea what to do. The plane for Berlin was leaving next morning. If I took it I should be put in a prison or a concentration camp as soon as I arrived, and later probably shot. For how could I prove that I was in no way responsible for Elisabet's desertion? Alternatively, if I stayed here I was flatly disobeying an order; Berlin would take this as a clear admission of guilt.

I walked about the streets of Istanbul for hours. There was no friend I could turn to for help or advice. Finally I thought of a temporary solution or at least a postponement. Late that night I encoded a telegram to Berlin, informing my superiors that I had fallen ill and that my doctor had forbidden me to travel by air. Then I tore up the plane ticket.

I was dead tired when at last I got back to my hotel room. I took a long, cold shower in an attempt to clear my head. I was just turning off the water when the telephone rang.

Still dripping wet, I reached for the receiver. From the other end of the line somebody spoke to me in English.

'I am calling you on behalf of the British. If you go to Berlin tomorrow you will almost certainly be shot. We want to give you a chance. Come over to us and save your life and the lives of your wife and children.'

'Absolutely impossible.'

I hung up.

Instead of going to bed as I had originally intended, I began to dress again. Tired though I was, I could not possibly sleep. While I was putting on my shoes the telephone rang again. This time it was another voice, speaking German with a strong foreign accent.

'What you are about to do is mad. Think well before you make your decision. The British are humane. Come to the Consulate and talk it over with Mr —'

The voice mentioned a name I had heard frequently. The enemy was claiming, perhaps correctly, to be more humane in their attitude towards me than were my own people. Germany, for me, now meant death or prison. Britain meant . . . no, no! I was trembling all over as I put the receiver down without a word.

A few minutes later it rang again.

'This is Dr P. speaking. You remember me, don't you?'

It was a fellow Viennese. I had never spoken to him, but we used to be on nodding terms.

'Listen,' he said. 'Listen carefully. I am authorised to make you one more offer, an offer to save your life. You have no need to be afraid of the consequences of anything you have done in the course of duty. The British know you are a decent sort and have merely carried out instructions. I can meet you tonight. I can tell you exactly what the British have to offer you. I have been with them for a long time now. Will you meet me?'

'I can't do it,' I said. 'Apart from anything else, there are practical and personal reasons why I can't. Most of my family is in Germany. Besides . . . to run

out just now, when the ship's beginning to sink. . . . No. I can't do it. Don't you understand?'

'Of course I do. But what about the future? What about your children? This opportunity won't be repeated. Besides when Germany has lost the war you may find yourself held responsible for quite a few things if you stay where you are. This is not a threat by the way.'

'I can't do it, Doctor, I daresay you mean well. Thank you.'

I put back the receiver and ran downstairs. There were two or three men standing about in the hall. It seemed to me that they stared at me curiously as I walked past them to the little room that held the hotel switchboard.

'I don't want any more calls put through to my room tonight as I'm going to bed,' I said.

I placed ten Turkish pounds on the chair beside the switchboard girl. She nodded.

Then I went back to my room. I was half undressed when the telephone rang. Evidently they had paid her more than I had.

At first I tried to ignore it, but as the ringing went on and on I finally picked up the receiver. It was still another voice. 'If you go to Berlin you're finished. Think before it's too late . . .'

I took out my pocket knife and cut through the telephone wire. As I did so I wondered whether I really did not want to listen to them any more, or was I perhaps beginning to doubt my own powers of resistance?

Anyway I could not sleep. At two o'clock I walked down to the hall and used the porter's telephone to put through a long-distance call to my wife in Ankara.

I told her not to let the children out of her sight for a minute and to keep all the doors of the house firmly locked until I got back. I would explain everything then.

For it had suddenly occurred to me that someone might try to kidnap my children, knowing that if they were taken away I would follow them. It seems a crazy idea, but those were crazy, melodramatic times.

Next morning the German courier plane took off for Berlin without me. I went instead to Istanbul station and asked for a sleeper on the night train to Ankara. The train was sold out for days, so they said. I paid five times the price and got my sleeper. I left Istanbul that night. It was an appalling trip.

When I got back I found that my secretary's flight had become common knowledge. Still no one knew for certain where she had gone. I learned the truth eventually from Cicero.

It was on the second day after my return from Istanbul that he rang up. He wanted to see me urgently. We met at my friend's flat, at ten that night. He was plainly very nervous.

'Your secretary's with the British,' he said at once. I nodded. I was already quite sure of this. He added: 'She's still in Ankara.' And he told me the address at which she was supposed to be.

Then he asked:

'What does she know about me?'

I really did not know. I could only guess. And what I did guess was not too pleasant. I said, after a pause: 'She knows your code name . . . perhaps more . . .'

He stared at me hard, his face white, gripping the back of the couch:

'You're quite sure she hasn't taken any of the photographs with her?'

'Quite sure.'

'I could say that with certainty. I had counted them and they were all in my safe. This reassured Cicero slightly. I said:

'You'd better get out of Ankara just as fast as you can.'

He didn't answer. He just sat there on the couch, staring in front of him. At last he got up.

'I must be going now.'

He stood in front of me, his expression tense, acute anxiety written all over his face. I noticed that he had been biting his nails again. He was very different from the man who, only a few weeks ago and in this very room, had handed me the negatives and boasted about his dangerous work as if it were a schoolboy's prank. He had received huge sums of money from me. From time to time he had lied to me. Now he seemed a beaten man with no resilience left in him. There was cold fear in his dark eyes.

'*Au revoir, Monsieur,*' he said.

For the first time I gave him my hand. He shook it limply. Then he quickly walked out of the house and vanished into the darkness. I never saw him again.

I did not go to my office for some time. In any case I was officially sick and unfit to travel. When I told the Ambassador what had happened, which I did, omitting no details, he showed his usual sympathy and understanding.

'Stay away for a while,' he said. 'You certainly need a rest. You don't look at all well.'

I had been to the office once. My first action after

my return to Ankara had been to examine the contents of my safe most thoroughly. There was nothing missing. Apparently the only thing Elisabet had been able to give the enemy was her knowledge, unless, of course, she had copied out certain documents.

With nothing to do and deeply depressed as I was, I became really ill. For a few days I was confined to my bed and ran a temperature. When I got up again and looked into the mirror my face seemed completely changed. The hair round my temples showed the first few streaks of white.

There was no word from Berlin. I had reported that Elisabet was now known to be with the British, but I had received no reply. Nor was there any comment on my interrupted journey to Berlin or on my reporting sick. This silence was ominous. The account was still open; I was sure that one day it would be presented to me. My record must seem very black to the people at home.

I had urgently insisted on Elisabet's transfer to a neutral country, and I had neither foreseen nor prevented her defection to the enemy camp. This, I presumed, would be my principal crime, though by no means the only bad mark against me.

I had been on fairly good terms with the first Istanbul deserter as well as with the second, and was a friend of their unfortunate departmental chief. Putting all this together I appeared in a highly suspicious light.

Moreover, I had seriously annoyed Ribbentrop more than once. He had said as much himself. I might yet experience the grim effect of that annoyance even though the cause was by now long past and almost forgotten.

Nor was that all. For personal as well as for political reasons I had sided with Herr von Papen in almost all our internal squabbles and differences of opinion. That was certainly not in my favour either with Kaltenbrunner or with Ribbentrop.

Worst of all I had shown von Papen the Cicero documents, thereby deliberately disobeying a direct order.

That, I thought, was about the total score against me. For the rest I had merely been doing my duty year in and year out. That I knew would not impress Berlin. It would certainly count for nothing in comparison with my crime.

After a couple of weeks I began going to my office again. I had the feeling that everyone was staring at me. Rightly or wrongly I imagined them to be whispering behind my back about my secretary's desertion. I began to feel, probably quite erroneously, that I was being cut or avoided.

One day, when I came home, the maid told me that there were two gentlemen waiting in the drawing room. I went in and found myself confronted by Hans and Fritz.

They had by now quite given up their pretence of being two heroic airmen who had baled out after a dramatic battle over the Black Sea. They were simply two German deserters. The conclusive evidence had arrived from Berlin a few days before. Like most of their reports it had come too late.

The airmen wasted no time in getting down to business.

'We've come to see you on instructions from the British . . .'

I interrupted them. I asked them to leave my

house and to tell me outside whatever it was that they had to say. Out in the street they began again.

'We have been instructed by the British Embassy to ask you to put yourself at their disposal. You have nothing to fear from them. On the other hand, if you're fool enough to decline their offer, you'd better watch out.'

I had no doubt that the direct threat contained in that last sentence was not part of their instructions. That, I assumed, was their own embellishment. I turned without a word, re-entered my house and closed the door behind me.

My wife and I were dining at the Japanese Embassy. Shortly before eight I was summoned to the telephone.

It was our maid. She asked me urgently to come home at once. She rang off as soon as she had said this, and before I could find out what the matter was.

I thought immediately of the children. From her tone of voice it sounded as though something terrible had happened. Without saying anything to my wife or my hosts, I jumped into my car and drove home at breakneck speed.

I ran up the stairs to the nursery four at a time. The children were sleeping peacefully. Mopping my forehead I went down to the drawing room intending to give myself a stiff whisky and soda before asking the maid what the trouble was. To my surprise the lights were on. Then I saw, sitting on the sofa, a man I had known for many years.

'I must apologise for calling on you in this way and at this hour,' he said, 'but what I have to say is of extreme urgency. We know that you are no longer *persona grata* in Berlin. This is your last chance to

safeguard your future. I know that other people have approached you and you've refused. I'm not asking you to desert, but simply to meet a certain member of the British Embassy and talk the matter over with him. It commits you to nothing. Though you should know that the British consider you an efficient and reliable man. And, of course, you realise that to all intents and purposes Germany has already lost the war.'

I had known this man for a long time. I had no idea that he had already changed sides. Did I really have to run away from my countrymen, frightened of being punished for something I had not done? I tried hard to convince my visitor that while I would do everything in my power to help shorten this horrible war, I would never desert to the enemy.

I explained this at considerable length for I wanted to convince the British once and for all that they were wasting their time with me. I hoped that they would give up their attempts if I made my point of view sufficiently clear. When I had finished their emissary got up.

'I understand your sentiments,' he said. 'I wish though I could persuade you to change your mind. I see I can't and, frankly, I almost like it better this way.'

This was the last attempt they made to persuade me to give up my fundamentally hopeless position.

It had not been easy for me to resist their offers. It had cost me most of what nervous stamina I still had left. Therefore the next blow hit me all the harder.

One morning, as I was going to work, I met the postman. He very seldom came to my house, since

practically all my mail went to the Embassy. This time, though, he had a letter for me addressed to my home.'

I opened it at once standing there on the doorstep. It contained a single sheet of white paper, folded in four. There was no address and no signature, just one line of German typescript:

'In the British Embassy everything is known about Cicero.'

I puzzled over this note for some time. Was it a warning from a friend? Or a gibe from an enemy? I could not decide. Nor had I any clue as to who it might be from. It was postmarked Ankara. One other detail struck me – there were two typing errors in a single line.

That same day a courier bag came in from Berlin. Less than an hour after I had received that anonymous note, I held another letter in my hand. Its contents were no less disturbing.

'You are herewith notified that an enquiry has been opened to establish the extent to which you are guilty of aiding and abetting your secretary's desertion to the enemy on April 6th.'

Gratitude from home!

I went back to my house, picking up my feet and putting them down mechanically. The rhythm of my steps repeated the rhythm of the words that went on and on in my head.

'You are herewith notified that an enquiry has been opened to establish the extent . . .'

My children were playing in the garden. My wife was out shopping.

I took my car and drove out into the plains

surround Ankara. On and on I went, down the interminable, straight road. Somewhere in that mysterious, deserted countryside a hunted man might at last find peace and calm.

I do not know for how many hours I drove in this aimless fashion. It was the thought of my wife and children that finally brought me back. They, after all, were my responsibility and mine alone, a responsibility that in the long run was far deeper than any other I might have. And as I realised this, I realised too that perhaps I had not reached the end. Perhaps if only I were clear-sighted enough, I would realise that this was the beginning.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



THAT is really the end of Operation Cicero. The war soon entered its ultimate cataclysmic stage, and, with the opening of the great final campaign in the East and West, any possibility of a negotiated peace fast faded. Even had Cicero continued somehow to deliver his material, it seems doubtful if it would have been of any value to Germany once the final battles were joined – even if the German leaders had known how to use it, which they did not. By the summer of 1944 the diplomatic and political campaigns, of which I had once spoken to Elisabet, had been lost.

Meanwhile it might interest the reader to know what happened to the principal characters involved in this story.

My own predicament was solved for me by the breakdown of Turko-German relations. In May 1944, that is to say a very short time after the events chronicled in the previous chapter, the Turks came to an agreement with the Allies which led, a few months later, to the severance of diplomatic relations between Turkey and Germany. During this period I managed by various means continually to postpone going to Germany as I had been ordered.

From May to August I was engaged, with other German officials in Turkey, in organising the evacuation of the fairly large German colony still resident there. There were more than two thousand people to

be moved, including many women and children. The Turks had informed us that they all had to leave by the end of August or be interned as hostile aliens. We managed to get almost all of them away.

The German Ambassador left on August 5th 1944, and three special trains were scheduled to transport the rest of the Germans before the end of the month.

I was by no means anxious to go back to Germany and I had arranged to travel on the last of these trains. As it happened this one never left Ankara. By then the Red Army, advancing through the Balkans, had cut the line somewhere between Sofia and Belgrade.

Thus, on August 31st, I and my family, together with the other few remaining members of the Embassy staff and the German Colony, were interned. We were not put into a camp, but simply stayed on the Embassy premises, the only change being that we were surrounded by a few strands of barbed wire and Turkish sentries walked up and down outside.

That internment was merely a temporary measure while we awaited suitable transportation to Germany. We expected to go on a Swedish ship before the end of the year, a ship that would have been granted free passage and diplomatic immunity by the Allied navies. Again I was lucky. There was no Swedish ship available until the end of April 1945. By then Hitler was dead and the Third Reich at its last gasp.

I and a few hundred other German diplomats put to sea at Istanbul. By the time we reached Gibraltar the war was over. Since there was now no German Government, there was also no German diplomatic service. We had, therefore, lost our immunity. A few of us were interned for some time by the British,

first in England and later in the British Zone in Germany.

Having been interrogated, I was released and sent back to Vienna, which is my home town. There I rejoined my wife and children who had spent a part of the time in Sweden. Once or twice during the Nuremberg trials I was sent for by the court to give evidence. No charge was ever preferred against me and I am glad to say that I was sent back to civilian life with a clean record. I now live at a small place near Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, where I am export manager with a textile firm.

Riibbentrop and Kaltenbrunner were both condemned to death at Nuremberg and hanged. Herr von Papen, who was also a defendant at that celebrated trial, was completely acquitted. He now lives in Western Germany.

What happened to the girl I have called Elisabet I do not know. I saw her once more, though not to speak to.

That was soon after the fateful 6th of April and a little later she left Turkey – for good or for ill, so far as the girl's interests are concerned, it is not for me to say. She vanished completely and to this day even her family have no idea where she lives or, indeed even if she is still alive.

Nor do I know what she looks like nowadays. The Elisabet who worked for me was a very blonde, long-haired girl, a typical German of what we call the 'Gretchen' type. I heard that the girl who left Turkey had short, black hair cut in what I believe is known as an Eton crop, wore smart New York clothes and was fairly heavily made up. She looked, I was told, like an elegant young American woman.

Cicero simply vanished too; shortly after our last interview he was no longer at the British Embassy. Whether he was arrested or whether he got away in time, I have no way of knowing and I probably never shall. The archives of the British Intelligence Service might reveal what happened to him; they might, but they almost certainly will not.

If Cicero did get away with his money, he would not have been able to enjoy for long the life of extreme luxury that he had planned to live. It will be recalled that he was intending to build a large house in some paradisaic part of the globe where there were no Englishmen. Even if he found that remote, improbable place, the money he had received would hardly enable him to spend the rest of his life in anything larger than a comfortable cottage.

He had received from me notes to the value of £300,000, or rather over a million dollars at the then rate of exchange, in bundles of ten, twenty and fifty pound notes. After Operation Cicero was over, I learned that nearly all these banknotes were forgeries. It seems probable that the first batch, sent by the Foreign Ministry, were genuine; but I have no doubt that the £200,000 sent by the *Nachrichtendienst* were just as certainly 'Made in Germany' as was the suitcase that carried them from Kaltenbrunner's office in Berlin to my safe in Ankara. Doubtless the subsequent consignments from him were equally bogus.

It was some time before I found this out, and the story was not confirmed until after the war. The people in Kaltenbrunner's forgery department were very clever at their job. The false notes were so well made that even bank managers fell for them. Our manager in Istanbul was not the only one to be taken

in. It was only when they reached the Bank of England, and were examined by the experts of Threadneedle Street, that the truth was finally established.

Thus, if Cicero did get away with his earnings, what he took with him was presumably £35,000, \$20,000 and £2,000 worth of diamonds – less, of course, what he had already spent in Ankara on silk shirts and wrist watches. In all say about £40,000. A fairly substantial sum, it is true, but only a little over one tenth of the money he thought he had made. Considering that he had handed us in all some four hundred photographs, he was paid approximately £100 per document. In view of the fantastic risks involved, this was not exorbitant. •

That, incidentally, seems to me the explanation of why Berlin had no hesitation in paying £10,000 for the statement of petty expenses inside the British Embassy. In fact they bought a worthless roll of film with worthless pieces of paper.

Thinking back over that exciting period of my life as dispassionately as I can and after a lapse of well over five years, I cannot help detecting a touch of rather grim irony in the fact that most of the money paid to Cicero was counterfeit.

It seems somehow symbolic of the whole business. When all is said and done, what did it really amount to? Here was the greatest sum of money ever demanded in the history of espionage, demanded, it is true, for the greatest value ever offered – documents giving precise, last-minute information on the most secret plans of the enemy. And the upshot of it all was that the money paid was a forgery and the information was never used.

For here, to my mind, is the most interesting point

and, historically certainly, the most important point about Operation Cicero. In the long run all that the German leaders learned from those documents was simply this: that they were about to lose the war.

It was the crucial period of the war, the turn of the tide, the beginning of the end. What the German leaders could and perhaps did see after reading the Cicero material was only that the Allies were far stronger than Berlin, in its worst nightmares, had ever feared. And this unpleasant fact they refused to face.

I was naïve enough in those days to believe that the German leaders would see as clearly as I did what was bound to happen and, therefore, where their duty lay. I hoped at the time that the almost fantastically complete and accurate information that was thus presented to them would make them realise that the alternatives for Germany were no longer victory or defeat but defeat or utter annihilation. I trusted that with such realisation they would act accordingly. I assumed that they were patriots.

I was, of course, quite wrong and I see now that Ribbentrop and the rest could not possibly have faced these consequences without destroying themselves. They knew that the Allies would never negotiate with them. So, at the cost of incalculable suffering to their country and, indeed, to the whole world, they decided to ignore the unpleasant facts that Cicero had revealed to them.

That, of course, was the real reason for Berlin's prolonged suspicion of the documents, even when their genuineness was established beyond the shadow of a doubt. They trusted them well enough whenever the message happened to be one they wanted to hear.

I well remember how eagerly they lapped up every detail about Churchill's serious illness during that winter. Churchill on his deathbed, that was providence: that was what the Führer wanted to hear: that was absolute truth. Much more important though less welcome information, contained in identically the same documents, was brushed aside as meaningless or, more foolishly still, as something planted by the British.

Similarly Ribbentrop attached immense importance to any evidence that the Cicero documents contained about a rift or a mere misunderstanding between the Eastern and Western Allies. This was what he wanted to hear, for it fitted in with his theories, yet he did nothing with it. He never initiated any diplomatic move to make use of such knowledge with a view to a possible negotiated peace on the Eastern front.

Failure to face reality, to understand what the world was really like – that was perhaps the greatest single stupidity of the Nazi Leaders. Their attitude towards Operation Cicero typified this. It cost the world, which God knows, had already suffered enough from their criminal folly, further incalculable misery, which even to this day still affects millions of innocent people.

They were counterfeit politicians. It seems oddly suitable that they should have paid for information they were incapable of using with counterfeit money.

POSTSCRIPT
BY
FRANZ VON PAPEN

A PART from a few details the account given by Herr Moyzisch is perfectly correct.

Yet it might further clarify the rather complex background and, above all, the respective responsibilities of the persons concerned, if I make a few points quite clear.

Herr Moyzisch was not attached to my Embassy as a member of the Diplomatic Foreign Service. He was employed by the R.S.H.A. (the *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* or Reich Security Department) which was first supervised by Himmler and later by Kaltenbrunner, and of which the *Nachrichtendienst* formed a part.

In his official and personal dealings with his own department he was not responsible to me; nor did I necessarily know about his business unless he chose, on his own initiative, to inform me about certain matters. Thus when the author speaks of signals to and from Berlin he would normally be referring to the internal business concerning merely himself and his Departmental chief.

Dealing with political issues was, of course, a matter purely for the Ambassador. This exclusive handling of political matters by me naturally extended also to Operation Cicero. Since Herr Moyzisch was unaware of the political and diplomatic business

being transacted, he obviously could not and did not know how precisely it was intended politically to exploit the knowledge obtained from the Cicero documents. I may have something to say about this myself on some future occasion.

It is quite right that incredible mutual suspicion in high places led to a departmental conflict between Ribbentrop and Kaltenbrunner. It is equally true that I could never agree to letting these highly important documents, some of which required quick decisions, be forwarded to Berlin without my having first seen them. Herr Moyzisch was therefore instructed to submit every one of these documents to me before they went into the diplomatic bag.

I am glad to be able to say that my former attaché, faced with an extraordinarily complex situation and a frequent conflict of loyalties, always did his best to be guided by his own commonsense and fairness, no less than by the carefully considered interests of his country.

One passage in his book, however, proves that not every document derived from Operation Cicero was, in fact, submitted to me. I am referring to the premeditated surprise-raid on Sofia. To use the actual occurrence of that raid on the Bulgarian capital as a test case for proving the genuineness of the documents which Kaltenbrunner's department still viewed with suspicion – that would seem to me nothing short of criminal. Had I had knowledge of that document, the R.S.H.A.'s decision not to inform Sofia of the coming raid, so as to test the genuineness of the documents, would certainly have been frustrated.

One final word on the historical significance of the documents that fell by mere chance into our hands.

I can fully endorse Moyzisch's own conclusion to his exciting account. The German leaders could do nothing with the Cicero documents, and nothing was done to spare their own nation, and indeed the entire Continent, further misery.

As for the vital importance of the documents for my own mission – how they helped me to adhere to the policy I had consistently followed since 1939, and how they helped me to spare Turkey the horrors of being dragged into the war – I may have more to say on that subject later.

Knowledge of the enemy's documents and of his secret plans need not necessarily be detrimental to him. In this particular case such knowledge certainly helped to achieve a goal of historic importance to both sides. It assisted in enabling Turkey to remain neutral, unravaged by war, and the better capable of fulfilling her great task of being the Near Eastern cornerstone of a future and happier Europe.

